

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXVII.

NEW OXFORD, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1905,

NO. 27.

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The dead are: William Winch, John Ellis, John Stevenson, Samuel Heron, Norman Delaney and James Yonkers. The launch was hired by eight of the men, most of whom lived in the northeastern part of Philadelphia. The elder Winch took his son along to assist him in running the boat. The day was spent near Croyden, on the Pennsylvania side of the river. Opposite this place the launch met the tug Bristol, in command of Captain Mott, which was towing a barge to Bordentown. Whether Captain Winch saw the barge is not known; nevertheless, he attempted to cross the tug's stern. Captain Mott hailed him and tried to prevent him from doing so. Captain Winch was standing at the wheel of the launch as he went around the stern of the tug. The hawser of the tug struck him and knocked him overboard. Before the captain's son or any other member of the party could take the wheel to steer the launch clear of the barge the latter struck the frail boat amidship, capsizing it.

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Captain Mott, assisted by several residents of Beverly, went in search of the bodies, and were rewarded by finding three. The local authorities requested the Philadelphia police to send a tug to Beverly to drag for the other bodies, and a police boat was ordered to the scene. The launch was washed ashore. It is badly wrecked.

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Stocker himself had turned on the air pressure on a vat and neglected to open the valve to permit the beer to

flow out. The vat exploded with such terrific force that a stave tore off the top of Stocker's skull as he was about passing through the door from the room.

A man standing 15 feet away was knocked down and another vat, containing 70 barrels of beer, was moved two feet. Portions of the unfortunate man's head were found 50 feet away.

MURDERED BEFORE HIS HOME

Luciano Torreno, Supposed Leader of Black Hand, Shot.

Wilkes-Barre, Oct. 24.—Luciano Torreno, an Italian known as a bad man and suspected of being a leader of the Black Hand society, was murdered in front of his home at Brownstown, being shot five times. He tried to shoot back, but a bullet had smashed his right hand and the trigger of his revolver at the same time. He was heavily armed. His wife heard the five shots and rushed out of the house to find him dead, but did not see the murderer.

Torreno was arrested in New York a few years ago in connection with the famous Mafia barrel mystery. A few months ago federal officers captured him after a stubborn fight, and he was held on a charge of counterfeiting. The police believe that an enemy in the Black Hand or some victim lay in wait for him and killed him.

JERRY SIMPSON DEAD

The Populist Congressman Succumbs After Long Illness.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 24.—Former Congressman Jerry Simpson died at his home here after a long illness. Sunday he had another severe hemorrhage of the lungs, and his vitality was so low that he was unable to recuperate after the attack.

Ex-Congressman Simpson was born in New Brunswick on March 31, 1842. At 14 he began life as a sailor, and during 23 years followed that pursuit, commanding many large vessels on the Great Lakes. In the Civil War he served in the 12th Illinois Infantry. He came to Kansas in 1878. Originally he was a Republican, but later became a Greenbacker and Populist. He was a member of congress from 1891 to 1897 and from 1897 to 1899, being nominated the last time by both the Democrats and Populists. After he left congress he moved to Roswell, N. M., where he engaged up to the time of his death in stock farming. He returned to Kansas a month ago and entered a hospital for treatment.

886 KILLED ON RAILROADS

According to Interstate Commission 13,783 Were Also Injured.

Washington, Oct. 24.—During the 12 months ended June 30, 1905, 886 persons were killed and 13,783 injured as the result of accidents on railroad trains, according to a report of the Interstate commerce commission. Comparison with 1904 shows an increase of 11 killed and 4123 injured among passengers and employees, the increase in killed being wholly among passengers, while the number of employees killed showed a decrease of 106. There were 1231 collisions and 1525 derailments. The damage to cars, engines and roadway by these accidents amounted to \$2,410,671.

SIMPERS LAUGHED AT DEATH

Murderer of Albert Constable Executed at Elkton, Md.

Elkton, Md., Oct. 21.—With a laugh on his lips and after calling a cheery good-bye to a friend in the little group of spectators, John M. Simpvers was hanged here for the murder of Albert Constable, a former resident of this town, and one of the most prominent lawyers in the state. Before he ascended the gallows the doomed man wrote two letters, one to his mother, Mrs. Jacob Markee, and the other to his sister, Mrs. Sadie Burke, both of whom reside in Philadelphia, where Simpvers himself also resided. The nerve of the young prisoner—he was only 23 years old—was wonderful. He declared his innocence up to the very last.

Boys' Body Found in River.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—The body of Louis Dobek, an 8-year-old boy, who was believed to have been locked in a box car on the Pennsylvania railroad, was recovered from the Delaware river. There were several cuts and bruises on the face and arms. Although the boy had been missing for six days, the features were not distorted. Leo Fisher, one of Dobek's companions, told the police that the boy had been locked in a freight car, and the Pennsylvania railroad officials opened cars up the hundreds all over the country. The police are investigating the boy's death.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, October 18.

Mahlon Clark Mercur, one of the best known citizens of Northern Pennsylvania, died at Towanda, aged 90 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, who were recently married in London, arrived in New York on the steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm.

During a fight at a "beer farm" near Bridgeton, N. J., William Duffold was shot in the leg and a man named Robbins was terribly beaten.

A hand car on which were eight railroad laborers was struck by a Wash train at Cecil, Pa., and two were killed and one fatally injured.

Thursday, October 19.

Thomas M. Day, father-in-law of Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, died at Hartford, Conn.

The price of shoes in Chicago have been greatly advanced, owing to a scarcity of hides.

Burglars broke into the home of Governor Herrick at Cleveland, Ohio, and stole articles worth over \$1000.

The plant of the Standard Chain company at Braddock, Pa., employing over 500 workers, resumed in full on an "open shop" basis.

The great council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America at Milwaukee adjourned and will hereafter hold biennial conventions.

Friday, October 20.

Troy C. Thorne was appointed postmaster at Friendly, Md.

The biennial convention of the National Universalist Church was held at Minneapolis.

Dr. G. H. Grant, of Buffalo, fell from a train in a New York tunnel and was cut to pieces.

Saturday, October 28, 10 years after it was begun, the new building of the Chicago postoffice will be occupied.

Poster Maynard, of Flushing, L. I., who attempted to work a game of blackmail, was arrested in the act of receiving for a decoy registered letter, supposed to contain hush money.

Saturday, October 21.

Mrs. Lloyd Wheaton, wife of Major General Wheaton, died at Chicago, after a month's illness.

Mrs. Joseph Renk, a farmer's wife, of near Wernersville, Pa., fell in front of a trolley car and was killed.

The new brick works of the Hummelstown (Pa.) Brownstone company was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$60,000.

The question of the friar lands purchase was settled at Manila, where the Dominican order was paid \$3,225,000.

Secretary Shaw has decided to return the \$22,000 pearl necklace which customs officials confiscated, upon payment of the \$13,000 duties by the mysterious owner.

Monday, October 23.

Strychnine pills, mistaken for candy, killed Eva Palfier at Hunters Station, Pa.

Grand Army posts at Lilly and Portage, Pa., have disbanded because death has so depleted their ranks.

Burglars took \$749 from a safe in the national bank at Phillips, Mo., but overlooked \$14,000 in the main vault.

The temperature in many parts of Louisiana has gone below the freezing point, which will wipe out the yellow fever.

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, who has been investigating statehood conditions, says Arizona and New Mexico are unfit for admission as states.

Tuesday, October 24.

Peter Conlin, formerly chief of police of New York, died at Walpole, Mass., of heart disease, aged 64 years.

While despondent over financial matters, Horace Rufe, a well-known farmer of Doylestown township, Pa., hanged himself.

Conductor McClennan and Fireman Wilson, of a Lake Shore freight train, were struck by a train and instantly killed at Dunkirk, N. Y.

After heart action and respiration had apparently ceased, following a physical examination, Edward Schilling, a laborer of Cleveland, O., was revived by use of adrenalin.

Helyburn and Rupert, two towns, will be created November 14 and 21, respectively, by the United States government in Idaho, on what is now an absolute desert.

Cash Prize For Consumption Cure.

Paris, Oct. 23.—Parliament was asked to offer a \$200,000 prize for a cure for consumption. The project has the approval of the government, and adoption, therefore, is assured. The outgrowth of the discussion of the Tuberculosis Center is expected that the prize will still search in time for the result. The prize was announced at the next Tuberculosis congress, in Washington.

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SIMPERS LAUGHED AT DEATH

Murderer of Albert Constable Executed at Elkton, Md.

Elkton, Md., Oct. 21.—With a laugh on his lips and after calling a cheery good-bye to a friend in the little group of spectators, John M. Simpners was hanged here for the murder of Albert Constable, a former resident of this town, and one of the most prominent lawyers in the state. Before he ascended the gallows the doomed man wrote two letters, one to his mother, Mrs. Jacob Markee, and the other to his sister, Mrs. Sadie Burke, both of whom reside in Philadelphia, where Simpners himself also resided. The nerve of the young prisoner—he was only 23 years old—was wonderful. He declared his innocence up to the very last.

Boys' Body Found in River.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—The body of Louis Dobek, an 8-year-old boy, who was believed to have been locked in a box car on the Pennsylvania railroad, was recovered from the Delaware river. There were several cuts and bruises on the face and arms. Although the boy had been missing for six days, the features were not distorted. Leo Fisher, one of Dobek's companions, told the police that the boy had been locked in a freight car, and the Pennsylvania railroad officials opened cars by the hundreds all over the country. The police are investigating the boy's death.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, October 18.

Mahlon Clark Mercer, one of the best known citizens of Northern Pennsylvania, died at Towanda, aged 90 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, who were recently married in London, arrived in New York on the steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm.

During a fight at a "beer farm" near Bridgeton, N. J., William Duffield was shot in the leg and a man named Robbins was terribly beaten.

A hand car on which were eight railroad laborers was struck by a Wash train at Cecil, Pa., and two were killed and one fatally injured.

Thursday, October 19.

Thomas M. Day, father-in-law of Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, died at Hartford, Conn.

The price of shoes in Chicago have been greatly advanced, owing to a scarcity of hides.

Burglars broke into the home of Governor Herrick at Cleveland, Ohio, and stole articles worth over \$1000.

The plant of the Standard Chain company at Braddock, Pa., employing over 500 workers, resumed in full on an "open shop" basis.

The great council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America at Milwaukee adjourned and will hereafter hold biennial conventions.

Friday, October 20.

Troy C. Thorne was appointed postmaster at Friendly, Md.

The biennial convention of the National Universalist Church was held at Minneapolis.

Dr. G. H. Grant, of Buffalo, fell from a train in a New York tunnel and was cut to pieces.

Saturday, October 21, 10 years after it was begun, the new building of the Chicago postoffice will be occupied. Foster Maynard, of Flushing, L. I., who attempted to work a game of blackmail, was arrested in the act of receiving for a decoy registered letter, supposed to contain hush money.

Saturday, October 21.

Mrs. Lloyd Wheaton, wife of Major General Wheaton, died at Chicago, after a month's illness.

Mrs. Joseph Renk, a farmer's wife, of near Wernersville, Pa., fell in front of a trolley car and was killed.

The new brick works of the Hummelstown (Pa.) Brownstone company was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$60,000.

The question of the friar lands purchase was settled at Manila, when the Dominican order was paid \$3,225,000.

Secretary Shaw has decided to return the \$22,000 pearl necklace which customs officials confiscated, upon payment of the \$13,000 duties by the mysterious owner.

Monday, October 23.

Strychnine pills, mistaken for candy, killed Eva Palifer at Hunters Station, Pa.

Grand Army posts at Lilly and Portage, Pa., have disbanded because death has so depleted their ranks.

Burglars took \$749 from a safe in the national bank at Phillips, Mo., but overlooked \$14,000 in the main vault.

The temperature in many parts of Louisiana has gone below the freezing point, which will wipe out the yellow fever.

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, who has been investigating statehood conditions, says Arizona and New Mexico are unfit for admission as states.

Tuesday, October 24.

Peter Conlin, formerly chief of police of New York, died at Walpole, Mass., of heart disease, aged 64 years.

While despondent over financial matters, Horace Rufe, a well-known farmer of Doylestown township, Pa., hanged himself.

Conductor McClennan and Fireman Wilson, of a Lake Shore freight train, were struck by a train and instantly killed at Dunkirk, N. Y.

After heart action and respiration had apparently ceased, following a phylaxation, Edward Schilling, a laborer of Cleveland, O., was revived by use of adrenalin.

Ileyburn and Rupert, two towns, will be created November 14 and 21, respectively, by the United States government in Idaho, on what is now an absolute desert.

Cash Prize For Consumption Cure.

Paris, Oct. 23.—Parliament was asked to offer a \$200,000 prize for a cure for consumption. The project has the approval of the government, and adoption, therefore, is assured. The outgrowth of the discussion of the Tuberculosis Commission expected that the prize will stimulate search in time for the result announced at the next Tuberculosis congress, in 1906.

THE NEIGHBOR'S BOYS.

Somebody shot our cat's eye out,
An' stole our gate an' just about
Scared Aunt Sophia Jane to death
So she could hardly get her breath
By puttin' on some sheets, all white,
At just gave her a terrible fright,
An' who on earth do you suppose
Put on them big, white ghostly clothes
An' made that terrible screechy noise?
The neighbor's boys!

An' every night it's dark, you know,
Somebody plays tick-tack-toe
On folks' windows what's a-scared,
An' just as if they never cared
Of they get caught or not, an' when
You're gone to bed they come again
Until you're just so nervous you
Don't hardly know just what to do;
And who makes such a scary noise?
The neighbor's boys!

An' 'en somebody tears your clothes
An' skins your face an' hurts your nose
Until it bleeds, an' then your ma
Says 'at she never, never saw
Such heathen youngsters, an' they come
An' break your sled an' pound your drum
Until it busts, an' won't go 'way,
It ain't no matter what you say,
An' they're the ones 'at break your
toys—
The neighbor's boys!

An' my, it's funny, 'cause, you know,
You ain't the only ones 'at's so.
'Cause all the next-door neighbors say
It seem 'eactly the same way,
An' when they boys get hurt so's
It gives 'em terrible bloody nose,
An' some one shoots their cat's eye out,
An' play tick-tack, they know about
Who does it an' who makes the noise—
The neighbor's boys!
—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

"THE ROMANCE OF A VACATION."

By CAROLINE WETHERELL.

MONEY may be the root of
all evil," said Fanny Sid-
ney dolefully, "but certain-
ly the lack of it is the
source of much trouble!"

Ada, the youngest Sid-
ney, looked mournfully over the dusty
housetops, the only scenery visible
from the windows of their small, rear
flat in the hot city.

"I've been thinking of something,"
Gertrude began. "Let's pocket our
pride, and go as we can. I am sure
there are places where we could get
a cheap furnished or unfurnished room,
and we could prepare our food on a
little oil stove or a chafin dish. Our
living expenses would then be no more
than they are at home."

"Our railroad expenses might be
something," snapped Fanny.

"They would be almost nothing at
all," answered Gertrude. "We could
ride our wheels. We need not stay
in any one place very long. We could
do like the gypsies—move on when we
tired of one location."

The plan won the approval of Sarah,
the eldest sister and housekeeper. She
agreed that they might try it for a
seaside town not more than twenty-
five miles away. If the necessary
quarters could not be obtained there,
the girls could return home immedi-
ately on the train or remain at a hotel
until the following day. Such an ex-
penditure would not seriously incon-
venience the family purse.

The summer ride over twenty-five
miles of country roads proved a de-
lightful one. The day was almost
done when they reached their destina-
tion. They made their way to the less
frequented part of the town, and had
no difficulty in renting a large room
for five dollars a week, the landlady,
when the case was explained to her,
making no objection to the number
of occupants.

A telegram was sent to summon
Sarah, who had remained at home, and
then the three party made the best
possible division of the bed furnish-
ings. Gertrude prepared a couch on
the floor with a comfort and a pillow,
while Ada and Fanny occupied the bed.

Supper had been bought at a deli-
catesen shop, and their morning meal
was secured from the baker and milk-
man. On the arrival of Sarah, that
afternoon, they received a trunk, con-
taining extra clothing, some pillows
and bed clothes. The chafin dish was
an inexpensive affair of black tin, sold
at a city store for sixty cents. With
a few dishes they were now ready to
set up housekeeping.

Every morning before breakfast the
girls took a long ride over the beach
on their wheels. When they returned,
the rolls, coffee and eggs, which were
the morning's food, tasted deliciously.
Fanny was a kindergarten, and Ger-
trude a teacher in the public school,
and their indoor work had left them
pale and nervous. Ada, although still
a schoolgirl, had lost the robust health
that characterized all the girls in the
prosperous days, when their father
was still living and able to care for
them. The doctor had said, in the
spring, that Fanny was suffering from
neurasthenia, and absolutely required
this change of air, which had, at first,
seemed such an impossible luxury for
the two months' vacation.

Every good day was spent in the
open air. Sarah provided lunches for
the party and joined them in wheeling
trips to neighboring points of interest.

After a few weeks at the seashore, the
girls decided that a mountain trip
would be acceptable. This was a
rather serious undertaking, and when
they returned home to prepare for it,
they spent several days in studying
maps before venturing upon the road.
Fanny and Gertrude first went off
alone in search of a location, wheeling
as far as they could while daylight
lasted, and lodging at a village inn or
at some farmhouse, where supper and
breakfast were provided at moderate
rates. Several days elapsed before
they found a little country town
nestling among the hills, where pure
air, the beauties of nature and mod-
erate prices could be found in combina-
tion. They were able to rent a couple
of nice furnished rooms for \$10 a
month. With the contents of two
trunks, brought by Sarah and Ada, the
rooms were given a very homelike ap-
pearance.

It was soon noticed that Fanny be-
gan to receive a great many letters
addressed in a masculine handwriting.
Moreover, the postmark was that of
the seaside town which they had just
quitted. Fanny offered no explana-
tion, and suspicion settled upon a good
looking young man. He was the son
of a summer cottager who had once
sheltered Ada and Fanny during a
storm, and afterward sent them home
provided with umbrellas and overshoes.
The girls recalled that this young man
sometimes joined them on their wheel-
ing expeditions, and on such occasions
usually had been a close attendant on
Fanny.

Gertrude did not now take much in-
terest in Fanny's affairs. She was
studying botany. A young college pro-
fessor, boarding at the village inn,
while making a special herbarium of
flowers of that region, volunteered to
give her lessons. The two often went
out wheeling together in search of
specimens.

Ada found friends among the village
girls, and Sarah, partly left to her own
devices, found her landlady a pleasant
companion. Mrs. Riggs was the widow
of a well-to-do farmer, and Mrs. Riggs'
son was a good-looking and well-edu-
cated young man. When he found
Sarah, roaming forlornly about, while
Fanny wrote her interminable letters
or Gertrude was off botanizing with
her professor, he invited her to join
him on visits to points of interest in
the country. He found it easy to bor-
row a bicycle from friends in the vil-
lage, and Sarah could ride Fanny's
machine at such times.

Almost before the girls were aware
of it vacation was over and the first of
September had arrived. They were
happy and healthy, muscles and nerves
being toned up by out door life and
long trips on the bicycle.

When they were once more in the
flat, Ada, who had enjoyed every minute
of the summer, began to antici-
pate the coming year's excursions. Her
remarks to her sister brought only em-
barrassed and evasive replies.

Finally she demanded an explana-
tion. "Well," faltered Fanny, "I shall
be at the seashore next summer; you
can all visit me as long as you like,
for we shall have a cottage to our-
selves." And then she admitted that
she had promised to marry the very
polite young son of the rich cottager.

"I think I shall be in Canada next
season, botanizing with the professor,"
said Gertrude.

"Never mind, Ada, you will like it
better at Mrs. Riggs' farm with me.
I've given my word to marry her son,"
declared Sarah.—The American Queen.

Sensitive About Names.

Three times the clerk made an in-
effectual attempt to spell the name.
Finally she gave it up and said: "How
do you spell it, please?"

The customer with the polysyllabic
name snapped out half the letters of
the alphabet. "It's funny you couldn't
get that," she added angrily.

"I knew she'd get mad if I asked her
how to spell it," sighed the clerk. "They
all do. No matter how odd a woman's
name, she seems to think that every-
body ought to spell it right off. Fail-
ure to do so is construed as a down-
right insult. Evidently no woman likes
to answer to a name that stumps
everybody else, and it is only when
the girls behind the counter falls down
over it that she realizes how impossi-
ble it really is. Then she takes her
spite out on the poor clerks. Since I
have learned that peculiarity of shop-
pers I generally guess at the spelling
rather than make them angry."—New
York Press.

The Learned Tattooer.

"A tattooer nowadays has to know
the Greek alphabet to get along," said
a Duluth boy who is in his sophomore
year at an Eastern college, and who
recently returned from the East.

"Why the Greek alphabet?" was
asked.
"Because all the college boys are hav-
ing the Greek letters of their fraterni-
ties tattooed on their arms. They say,
'Put delta phi upsilon on me,' or, 'I
want psi you.' Or, 'Give me in scarlet,
phi delta theta.'"

"The consequence is, if the tattooer
doesn't know his Greek alphabet—al-
pha, beta, gamma, delta and so on—
and if he doesn't know how to make
each letter, he loses the college boys'
trade. They go to a more learned tat-
tooter."—Duluth (Minn.) Tribune.

Household Matters

A Beautiful Flower Place.

For a beautiful flower centerpiece fill
a glass bowl with carbonated water
and immediately arrange in it nastur-
tiums with plenty of leaves. The flow-
ers will soon be covered with sparkling
dew, presenting the coolest appearance.

Buttonholes That Last.

In making buttonholes in children's
underclothes, after getting the hole
ready to be worked, place a cord (I
use fine binding twine) around the hole
with the part at the front (where the
wear of the button comes) and work
over it; the buttonholes will then out-
wear the garment.—A. M. B., in The
Home.

To Dip Broth.

To dip broth or soup from the kettle
when cooking, and the fat is on it,
draw the kettle forward to the hot
part of the range, making the soup boil
furiously. This raises a large bubble
in the middle of the pot from which a
cupful of soup at a time may be dipped
out—that fat all goes to the sides of
the pot.

For Laundering Woollens.

In the Ladies' Home Journal, we find
the following, which we give in answer
to query of Mrs. E. G.: Dissolve white
soap; put about two pailfuls of warm
water in a tub, and add enough dis-
solved soap to make a heavy suds.
Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of borax
in a quart of boiling water; pour half
of this into the suds; shake the white
flannels free from dust and put them
in the suds; work the suds through
the articles by lifting, squeezing and
kneading; never rub or twist woollens.
A washing machine is excellent for all
woolen fabrics. Squeeze the water
from the washed article; rinse in two
waters having about the same tem-
perature as the washing suds; put a
cupful of dissolve borax in each rins-
ing water, and pass through the
wringer.

Sunday Night Supper.

I wish I could head an insurrection
against the Sunday night supper as it
is usually met. It would be swept
out of existence with a celerity that
would be astonishing even in this day
of rapid transit. Gone forever would
be the supper table of one section of
the country—the plate of cold chopped
beef or dried codfish, the pile of white
and brown bread, the little dishes of
apple sauce, the large ginger cookies.
Gone, too, would be that other variety
of supper table which thinks to make
up for its lack of savory dishes by its
much cake. I am afraid even baked
beans and brown bread, beloved as
they are by certain worthy beings,
might not stand against the bosom of
destruction.

Instead of any or all of these the
supper table that should supplant
them should be a board of surprises.
The Sunday night supper should be
the unexpected feast of the week. At
this meal the family would never
know what to look for. One time the
repast would be hot and savory; the
next it would be cold, but no less
savory. New and startling salads
would make their first bow, so to
speak, at the Sunday night supper
table, and it would be the housekeep-
er's dissipation to devise and search
out novelties for this meal. Here she
should give rein to any pioneering or
adventurous spirit she had in her and
train her family to equal daring.—Har-
per's Bazar.



Peach Fritters—Sift together one
cupful of flour, two level teaspoonfuls
of baking powder, and one-fourth of
a teaspoonful of salt; then pour over one
well-beaten egg and one-third of a cup-
ful of milk; then add three tablespoon-
fuls of sugar, and four peaches
chopped in small pieces; drop big
spoonfuls into hot fat; drain them on
paper; sprinkle with powdered sugar;
serve hot.

Date Whip—Wash and soak a pound
of dates, then put them in water to
simmer on the stove until very soft.
Remove from the fire, drain, and rub
them through a sieve. And one-third
of a cupful of sugar and a spoonful of
lemon juice, and whip in the unbeaten
whites of four eggs. Turn into a but-
tered mold, set in a pan of hot water
and bake slowly until firm. When
cold, serve with whipped cream.

Gravied Cucumbers—Fry a sliced
onion in a little butter until partly
cooked, then add six cucumbers which
have been quartered lengthwise. Cook
until the cucumbers are nicely
browned. Remove the vegetables from
the frying pan carefully and add to the
butter left in it a pint of good soup
stock. Season to taste and thicken
slightly with flour—a teaspoonful will
be sufficient. Put the fried vegetables
into this preparation; cover closely and
cook until tender enough to serve.

Peanut Pudding—Scald one pint of

milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks
of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls
of brown sugar together, and stir in
three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
made smooth with a little milk. Stir
this mixture constantly until it thick-
ens, then add one cupful of peanut
paste and flavor with a tablespoonful
of lemon juice. Pour into a pudding
dish and cover with a meringue made
by beating the whites of four eggs
with six tablespoonfuls of powdered
sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

Tomato Waffles—Pare six medium-
sized ripe tomatoes, chop very fine and
add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth
of a teaspoonful of pepper, one table-
spoonful of butter, melted after meas-
uring. Sift one-half of a teaspoonful
of soda in a little flour; add three well-
beaten eggs, and now add sufficient
flour to make the mixture like a thin
griddle cake batter. Have your waffle-
iron very hot, grease both upper and
under lids, place a small tablespoonful
of the batter into each section, close
the lid upon it and bake at least one
minute on each side. When serving
cut the sections apart and arrange on a
napkin.

Such is Balzac's Fame.

Notwithstanding the lectures and ap-
preciations of Mr. Henry James, the
genius of Balzac is not understood in
all quarters. There is one Ninety-sev-
enth street woman who is particularly
deficient in her knowledge of French
fiction. She was calling on a friend,
the other day, who owns a very fine
set of Balzac's works. In this edition
the title of the volume sometimes called
"The Magic Skin" is translated "Wild
Ass' Skin."

"I would like to sell the books," said
the woman who owns them, "but I
am afraid I couldn't get anything for
them. It is an excellent edition, too,
and cost me a heap of money. The
binding is especially fine."

The Ninety-seventh street heathen
held in her hand at that moment the
volume labeled "Wild Ass' Skin." She
looked at it curiously.

"Yes," she said in all sincerity, "I
imagine it is. I don't know anything
about the different binding of books,
but I suppose wild ass' skin is very
good."—New York Press.

Woman at Her Worst.

In every sense the most objection-
able dress ever worn by Englishwo-
men was that of the early sixties. I
defy any lady to appear refined in the
correct fashions of that period. I was
just old enough to look at them in
picture books and gaze in my perambu-
lator at the common objects of fash-
ion with infantile astonishment. The
hair stuck out at the back of the
head, as a chignon or bun (really re-
sembling a loaf), surmounted by a lit-
tle black turban with a feather stuck
in it; tight fitting purple jacket
strapped and crossed with black and
red braid; panniers of gay color—bright
yellow, say—on which were worked
startling patterns in red braid; short
full skirt—say of red—with wide up-
right stripes of purple braid; a red
parasol, yellow gloves and violet boots
completed a costume that our oldest
gentlewomen still alive once wore!—
Harry Furniss, in the Gentleman.

On the List.

On one of the old turnpikes yet re-
maining in the South a big touring
car had twice rushed through the gate
without paying toll. The third time
they made the attempt the tollman
shut his gate, and brought them to a
stand. With indignation the half
dozen occupants of the car declared
they were entitled to ride free.

"Look at your own board," said the
spokesman. "It says, 'Every carriage,
cart or wagon drawn by one beast, 2
cents; every additional beast, 2 cents.'
We're not drawn by any beast at all."
"No; but here's where ye come in,
sah," replied the guard of the high-
way, pointing to another clause, as
follows: "Every half dozen hogs, 4
cents. An' three times four is
twelve," he added.

The twelve cents was paid.—Har-
per's Weekly.

Was Proud of It.

Jack Barrymore inherited from his
father the gift of repartee. In London
recently he met that rare specimen of
humanity, an impertinent and presum-
ably witty Englishman. "You were
born in the United States, I suppose,
Mr. Barrymore," he said. "Yes."
"And, like most of your countrymen,
proud of it, I presume?" "Wait a
minute," Barrymore rejoined. "Before
I reply, answer me a question. Are
you an Englishman?" "Certainly."
"Then," said Barrymore, slowly and
thoughtfully, "yes."—Harper's Week-
ly.

The Value of an Opinion.

An unusually brilliant bird in a young
lady's hat attracted attention in a
street in Hamburg, says a London pa-
per. Some spectators denounced the
cruelty of killing these innocent crea-
tures. Others criticised the pose and
arrangement of the plumage as unnat-
ural. On reaching home the intelli-
gent fowl (which happened to be a
real one and had settled on the hat
absent-mindedly) flew off and roosted
on the furniture. The girl has trained
it to come to her whistle. As it suits
her complexion charmingly, she in-
tends wearing it with each of her hats
in turn.

TRAINING THE BABY.

How the Walters Family Began to Di- cipline Their Offspring.

After Mrs. Walters had "read up"
the subject thoroughly and tabulated
the results of her investigation, in her
methodical mind, she told her husband,
says the Chicago News, that she was
going to make a change with baby.
"We have been making a mistake
with him. Last night after dinner we
played with him and rocked him for a
full hour. To-night he is to be put to
bed and left to go to sleep by him-
self."

Walters, who is an extremely youth-
ful father, was about to say that
rocking the baby was "part of the
fun." Fortunately he realized in time
that this was not likely to meet with
the approval of his wife's more serious
mind, so he suggested instead that
baby might cry.

"We must be prepared for that,"
Mrs. Walters said, gently but firmly.
"For a night or two he may cry very
hard. But conscientious parents will
not neglect the best good of their chil-
dren because of a few tears."

Mrs. Walters did not give her resolu-
tion time to cool. The baby, dimpled
and cooling and ready for his evening
frolic, was put to bed and the door
closed upon him. At first he appeared
to regard this as a new feature of the
game. From the next room his parents
could hear occasional interrogatory
gurgles. Then there came a faint wail,
then a flood of invective in baby lan-
guage.

"He's calling us names now," said
Walters. "I'm glad he takes that tack
rather than the plaintive."

He had hardly spoken when an ear-
splitting shriek sounded from the next
room. Walters sprang from his seat,
but his wife waved him back.

"This is only what was to be expect-
ed, Robert," she said, determined,
though pale. "He will cry hard to-
night, and possibly to-morrow night.
By that time he will have learned his
lesson. All the authorities I have con-
sulted agree that it is impossible for a
healthy child of his age to injure him-
self by crying."

Walters suggested that it would have
been better to accustom him to the
change gradually. On this point, too,
his wife was firm, quoting her authori-
ties with irritating readiness. The
Walterses are a harmonious couple,
but this time they came near a quarrel.
"There, he's quieting down at last,"
said Mrs. Walters, triumphantly, and
she was right. Baby's frantic outcries
had given way to pitiful sobs. Pres-
ently these also ceased, and Mrs. Wal-
ters smiled across the table at her hus-
band, who smiled back. Both were so
relieved that the ordeal was over that
they were inclined to overlook what-
ever might have been unpleasant in
the past.

"Now, you see, he's asleep. I'm go-
ing to take a peep at him."

She stepped lightly across the room
and opened the door of the bedroom.
Then she uttered a succession of
shrieks compared to which baby's re-
cent exhibitions were as nothing. With
a bound Walters was at her side, fear-
ing he knew not what.

The baby lay on the floor, a big lump
on his forehead, caused by hitting the
floor when he fell out of bed. He was
sleeping peacefully in spite of the fact
that there were undried tears on his
cheek.

The Grandmother's Art.

There is the art of being a grand-
mother—one of the most agreeable
and useful of a woman's accomplish-
ments. It has the joys of motherhood
without its responsibilities. The
grandmother at forty is only the be-
ginning of a grandmother. At sixty
she has a small store of experiences of
whooping cough and college "scrapes"
and love affairs and weddings on
which she may draw as occasion re-
quires, but at eighty the accumulation
is really splendid.

The grace and repose of the grand-
mother preserve ideals for the younger
generation which the strenuous de-
mands of the world too often force the
mother to neglect. The art of staying
at home and yet keeping a traveled
mind and spirit is not acquired before
seventy.

"What are you going to do with your
leisure?" asked a friend of a woman
of seventy, who was resigning some
of her lifelong duties to other hands.
"I am going to have it," replied the
wise old woman, "and that will be
enough pleasure for the next ten years.
By that time I may want to do some-
thing else with it."—Youth's Compan-
ion.

An Inspired Editor.

Reuben Fields, the Johnson County
mathematician, who is considered by
many to be an idiotic wonder, stopped
at a hotel in a small town in Henry
County recently. As usual in such
places, there were a number of drum-
mers on hand; there was also a meet-
ing of some medical men at the place
who used the hotel as headquarters.
One of the doctors thought it would
be quite a joke to tell Fields that some
of the M. D.s. had concluded to kidnap
him and take out his brains to learn
how it was he was so good in mathe-
matics. He was then asked by them
what he was going to do about it.
Fields replied: "I will go on without
brains, just like you doctors are doing."
—Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner.

THE NEIGHBOR'S BOYS.

Somebody shot our cat's eye out,
An' stole our gate an' just about
Scared Aunt Sophia Jane to death
So's she could hardly get her breath
By puttin' on some sheets, all white,
At just gave her a terrible fright,
An' who on earth do you suppose
Put on them big, white ghosties' clothes
An' made that terrible screechy noise?
The neighbor's boys!

An' every night it's dark, you know,
Somebody plays tick-tack-toe
On folks' windows what's a-seared,
An' just as if they never cared
Of they get caught or not, an' when
You're gone to bed they come again
Until you're just so nervous you
Don't hardly know just what to do;
And who makes such a scary noise?
The neighbor's boys!

An' 'en somebody tears your clothes
An' skins your face an' hurts your nose
Until it bleeds, an' then your ma
Says 'at she never, never saw
Such heathen youngsters, an' they come
An' break your sled an' pound your drum
Until it busts, an' won't go 'way,
It ain't no matter what you say,
An' they're the ones 'at break your
toys—
The neighbor's boys!

An' my, it's funny, 'cause, you know,
You ain't the only ones 'at's so.
'Cause all the next-door neighbors say
It seem e'actly the same way,
An' when their boys get hurt so's
It gives 'em terrible bloody nose,
An' some one shoots their cat's eye out,
An' play tick-tack, they know about
Who does it an' who makes the noise—
The neighbor's boys!
—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

"THE ROMANCE OF A VACATION."

By CAROLINE WETHERELL.

ONEY may be the root of
all evil," said Fanny Sid-
ney dolefully, "but certain-
ly the lack of it is the
source of much trouble!"

Ada, the youngest Sid-
ney, looked mournfully over the dusty
housetops, the only scenery visible
from the windows of their small, rear
flat in the hot city.

"I've been thinking of something,"
Gertrude began. "Let's pocket our
pride, as we can't afford an expensive
trip, and go as we can. I am sure
there are places where we could get
a cheap furnished or unfurnished room,
and we could prepare our food on a
little oil stove or a chafing dish. Our
living expenses would then be no more
than they are at home."

"Our railroad expenses might be
something," snapped Fanny.
"They would be almost nothing at
all," answered Gertrude. "We could
ride our wheels. We need not stay
in any one place very long. We could
do like the gypsies—move on when we
tired of one location."

The plan won the approval of Sarah,
the eldest sister and housekeeper. She
agreed that they might try it for a
seaside town not more than twenty-
five miles away. If the necessary
quarters could not be obtained there,
the girls could return home immedi-
ately on the train or remain at a hotel
until the following day. Such an ex-
penditure would not seriously incon-
venience the family purse.

The summer ride over twenty-five
miles of country roads proved a de-
lightful one. The day was almost
done when they reached their destina-
tion. They made their way to the less
frequented part of the town, and had
no difficulty in renting a large room
for five dollars a week, the landlady,
when the case was explained to her,
making no objection to the number
of occupants.

A telegram was sent to summon
Sarah, who had remained at home, and
then the tired party made the best
possible division of the bed furnish-
ings. Gertrude prepared a couch on
the floor with a comfort and a pillow,
while Ada and Fanny occupied the
bed.

Supper had been bought at a deli-
catesen shop, and their morning meal
was secured from the baker and milk-
man. On the arrival of Sarah, that
afternoon, they received a trunk,
containing extra clothing, some pillows
and bed clothes. The chafing dish was
an inexpensive affair of black tin, sold
at a city store for sixty cents. With
a few dishes they were now ready to
set up housekeeping.

Every morning before breakfast the
girls took a long ride over the beach
on their wheels. When they returned,
the rolls, coffee and eggs, which were
the morning's food, tasted deliciously.
Fanny was a kindergarten, and Ger-
trude a teacher in the public school,
and their indoor work had left them
pale and nervous. Ada, although still
a schoolgirl, had lost the robust health
that characterized all the girls in the
prosperous days, when their father
was still living and able to care for
them. The doctor had said, in the
spring, that Fanny was suffering from
neurasthenia, and absolutely required
this change of air, which had, at first,
seemed such an impossible luxury for
the two months' vacation.

Every good day was spent in the
open air. Sarah provided lunches for
the party and joined them in wheeling
trips to neighboring points of interest.

After a few weeks at the seashore, the
girls decided that a mountain trip
would be acceptable. This was a
rather serious undertaking, and when
they returned home to prepare for it,
they spent several days in studying
maps before venturing upon the road.
Fanny and Gertrude first went off
alone in search of a location, wheeling
as far as they could while daylight
lasted, and lodging at a village inn or
at some farmhouse, where supper and
breakfast were provided at moderate
rates. Several days elapsed before
they found a little country town
nestling among the hills, where pure
air, the beauties of nature and mod-
erate prices could be found in combina-
tion. They were able to rent a couple
of nice furnished rooms for \$10 a
month. With the contents of two
trunks, brought by Sarah and Ada, the
rooms were given a very homelike ap-
pearance.

It was soon noticed that Fanny be-
gan to receive a great many letters
addressed in a masculine handwriting.
Moreover, the postmark was that of
the seaside town which they had just
quitted. Fanny offered no explana-
tion, and suspicion settled upon a good
looking young man. He was the son
of a summer cottager who had once
sheltered Ada and Fanny during a
storm, and afterward sent them home
provided with umbrellas and overshoes.
The girls recalled that this young man
sometimes joined them on their wheel-
ing expeditions, and on such occasions
usually had been a close attendant on
Fanny.

Gertrude did not now take much in-
terest in Fanny's affairs. She was
studying botany. A young college pro-
fessor, boarding at the village inn,
while making a special herbarium of
flowers of that region, volunteered to
give her lessons. The two often went
out wheeling together in search of
specimens.

Ada found friends among the village
girls, and Sarah, partly left to her own
devices, found her landlady a pleasant
companion. Mrs. Riggs was the widow
of a well-to-do farmer, and Mrs. Riggs'
son was a good-looking and well-edu-
cated young man. When he found
Sarah, roaming forlornly about, while
Fanny wrote her interminable letters
or Gertrude was off botanizing with
her professor, he invited her to join
him on visits to points of interest in
the country. He found it easy to bor-
row a bicycle from friends in the vil-
lage, and Sarah could ride Fanny's
machine at such times.

Almost before the girls were aware
of it vacation was over and the first of
September had arrived. They were
happy and healthy, muscles and nerves
being toned up by out door life and
long trips on the bicycle.

When they were once more in the
flat, Ada, who had enjoyed every min-
ute of the summer, began to antici-
pate the coming year's excursions. Her
remarks to her sister brought only em-
barrassed and evasive replies.

Finally she demanded an explana-
tion. "Well," faltered Fanny, "I shall
be at the seashore next summer; you
can all visit me as long as you like,
for we shall have a cottage to our-
selves." And then she admitted that
she had promised to marry the very
polite young son of the rich cottager.

"I think I shall be in Canada next
season, botanizing with the professor,"
said Gertrude.

"Never mind, Ada, you will like it
better at Mrs. Riggs' farm with me.
I've given my word to marry her son,"
declared Sarah.—The American Queen.

Sensitive About Names.

Three times the clerk made an in-
effectual attempt to spell the name.
Finally she gave it up and said: "How
do you spell it, please?"

The customer with the polysyllable
name snapped out half the letters of
the alphabet. "It's funny you couldn't
get that," she added angrily.

"I knew she'd get mad if I asked her
how to spell it," sighed the clerk. "They
all do. No matter how odd a woman's
name, she seems to think that every-
body ought to spell it right off. Fail-
ure to do so is construed as a down-
right insult. Evidently no woman likes
to answer to a name that stumps
everybody else, and it is only when
the girls behind the counter falls down
over it that she realizes how impossi-
ble it really is. Then she takes her
spite out on the poor clerks. Since I
have learned that peculiarity of shop-
pers I generally guess at the spelling
rather than make them angry."—New
York Press.

The Learned Tattooer.

"A tattooer nowadays has to know
the Greek alphabet to get along," said
a Duluth boy who is in his sophomore
year at an Eastern college, and who
recently returned from the East.

"Why the Greek alphabet?" was
asked.

"Because all the college boys are hav-
ing the Greek letters of their fraterni-
ties tattooed on their arms. They say,
'Put delta phi upslon on me,' or, 'I
want psi you.' Or, 'Give me in scarlet,
phi delta theta.'"

"The consequence is, if the tattooer
doesn't know his Greek alphabet—al-
pha, beta, gamma, delta and so on—
and if he doesn't know how to make
each letter, he loses the college boys'
trade. They go to a more learned tat-
tooter."—Duluth (Minn.) Tribune.

Household Matters

A Beautiful Flower Piece.

For a beautiful flower centerpiece fill
a glass bowl with carbonated water
and immediately arrange in it nastur-
tiums with plenty of leaves. The flow-
ers will soon be covered with sparkling
dew, presenting the coolest appearance.

Buttonholes That Last.

In making buttonholes in children's
underclothes, after getting the hole
ready to be worked, place a cord (I
use fine binding twine) around the hole
with the part at the front (where the
wear of the button comes) and work
over it; the buttonholes will then out-
wear the garment.—A. M. B., in The
Home.

To Dip Broth.

To dip broth or soup from the kettle
when cooking, and the fat is on it,
draw the kettle forward to the hot
part of the range, making the soup boil
furiously. This raises a large bubble
in the middle of the pot from which a
cupful of soup at a time may be dipped
out—that fat all goes to the sides of
the pot.

For Laundering Woolens.

In the Ladies' Home Journal, we find
the following, which we give in answer
to query of Mrs. E. G.: Dissolve white
soap; put about two pailfuls of warm
water in a tub, and add enough dis-
solved soap to make a heavy suds.
Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of borax
in a quart of boiling water; pour half
of this into the suds; shake the white
flannels free from dust and put them
in the suds; work the suds through
the articles by lifting, squeezing and
kneading; never rub or twist woolens.
A washing machine is excellent for all
woolen fabrics. Squeeze the water
from the washed article; rinse in two
waters having about the same tem-
perature as the washing suds; put a
cupful of dissolve borax in each rins-
ing water, and pass through the
wringer.

Sunday Night Supper.

I wish I could head an insurrection
against the Sunday night supper as it
is usually met. It would be swept
out of existence with a celerity that
would be astonishing even in this day
of rapid transit. Gone forever would
be the supper table of one section of
the country—the plate of cold chopped
beef or dried codfish, the pile of white
and brown bread, the little dishes of
apple sauce, the large ginger cookies.
Gone, too, would be that other variety
of supper table which thinks to make
up for its lack of savory dishes by its
much cake. I am afraid even baked
beans and brown bread, beloved as
they are by certain worthy beings,
might not stand against the bosom of
destruction.

Instead of any or all of these the
supper table that should supplant
them should be a board of surprises.
The Sunday night supper should be
the unexpected feast of the week. At
this meal the family would never
know what to look for. One time the
repast would be hot and savory; the
next it would be cold, but no less
savory. New and startling salads
would make their first bow, so to
speak, at the Sunday night supper
table, and it would be the housekeep-
er's dissipation to devise and search
out novelties for this meal. Here she
should give rein to any pioneering or
adventurous spirit she had in her and
train her family to equal daring.—Har-
per's Bazar.



Peach Fritters—Sift together one
cupful of flour, two level teaspoonfuls
of baking powder, and one-fourth of a
teaspoonful of salt; then pour over one
well-beaten egg and one-third of a cup-
ful of milk; then add three tablespo-
onfuls of sugar, and four peaches
chopped in small pieces; drop big
spoonfuls into hot fat; drain them on
paper; sprinkle with powdered sugar;
serve hot.

Date Whip—Wash and soak a pound
of dates, then put them in water to
simmer on the stove until very soft.
Remove from the fire, drain, and rub
them through a sieve. And one-third
of a cupful of sugar and a spoonful of
lemon juice, and whip in the unbeaten
whites of four eggs. Turn into a but-
tered mold, set in a pan of hot water
and bake slowly until firm. When
cold, serve with whipped cream.

Gravied Cucumbers—Fry a sliced
onion in a little butter until partly
cooked, then add six cucumbers which
have been quartered lengthwise. Cook
until the cucumbers are nicely
browned. Remove the vegetables from
the frying pan carefully and add to the
butter left in it a pint of good soup
stock. Season to taste and thicken
slightly with flour—a teaspoonful will
be sufficient. Put the fried vegetables
into this preparation; cover closely and
cook until tender enough to serve.

Peanut Pudding—Scald one pint of

milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks
of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls
of brown sugar together, and stir in
three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
made smooth with a little milk. Stir
this mixture constantly until it thick-
ens, then add one cupful of peanut
paste and flavor with a tablespoonful
of lemon juice. Pour into a pudding
dish and cover with a meringue made
by beating the whites of four eggs
with six tablespoonfuls of powdered
sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

Tomato Waffles—Pare six medium-
sized ripe tomatoes, chop very fine and
add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth
of a teaspoonful of pepper, one table-
spoonful of butter, melted after meas-
uring. Sift one-half of a teaspoonful
of soda in a little flour; add three well-
beaten eggs, and now add sufficient
flour to make the mixture like a thin
griddle cake batter. Have your waffle-
iron very hot, grease both upper and
under lids, place a small tablespoonful
of the batter into each section, close
the lid upon it and bake at least one
minute on each side. When serving cut
the sections apart and arrange on a
napkin.

Such is Balzac's Fame.

Notwithstanding the lectures and ap-
preciations of Mr. Henry James, the
genius of Balzac is not understood in
all quarters. There is one Ninety-sev-
enth street woman who is particularly
deficient in her knowledge of French
fiction. She was calling on a friend,
the other day, who owns a very fine
set of Balzac's works. In this edition
the title of the volume sometimes called
"The Magic Skin" is translated "Wild
Ass' Skin."

"I would like to sell the books," said
the woman who owns them, "but I
am afraid I couldn't get anything for
them. It is an excellent edition, too,
and cost me a heap of money. The
binding is especially fine."

The Ninety-seventh street heathen
held in her hand at that moment the
volume labeled "Wild Ass' Skin." She
looked at it curiously.

"Yes," she said in all sincerity, "I
imagine it is. I don't know anything
about the different binding of books,
but I suppose wild ass' skin is very
good."—New York Press.

Woman at Her Worst.

In every sense the most objection-
able dress ever worn by Englishwom-
en was that of the early sixties. I
defy any lady to appear refined in the
correct fashions of that period. I was
just old enough to look at them in
picture books and gaze in my perambu-
lator at the common objects of fash-
ion with infantile astonishment. The
hair stuck out at the back of the
head, as a chignon or bun (really re-
sembling a loaf), surmounted by a lit-
tle black turban with a feather stuck
in it; tight fitting purple jacket
strapped and crossed with black and
red braid; panniers of gay color—bright
yellow, say—on which were worked
startling patterns in red braid; short
full skirt—say of red—with wide up-
right stripes of purple braid; a red
parasol, yellow gloves and violet boots
completed a costume that our oldest
gentlemen still alive once wore!—
Harry Furniss, in the Gentleman.

On the List.

On one of the old turnpikes yet re-
maining in the South a big touring
car had twice rushed through the gate
without paying toll. The third time
they made the attempt the tollman
shut his gate, and brought them to a
stand. With indignation the half
dozen occupants of the car declared
they were entitled to ride free.

"Look at your own board," said the
spokesman. "It says, 'Every carriage,
cart or wagon drawn by one beast, 2
cents; every additional beast, 2 cents.'
We're not drawn by any beast at all."

"No; but here's where ye come in,
sah," replied the guard of the high-
way, pointing to another clause, as
follows: "Every half dozen hogs, 4
cents. An' three times four is
twelve," he added.

The twelve cents was paid.—Har-
per's Weekly.

Was Proud of It.

Jack Barrymore inherited from his
father the gift of repartee. In London
recently he met that rare specimen of
humanity, an impertinent and presum-
ably witty Englishman. "You were
born in the United States, I suppose,
Mr. Barrymore," he said. "Yes."
"And, like most of your countrymen,
proud of it, I presume?" "Wait a
minute," Barrymore rejoined. "Before
I reply, answer me a question. Are
you an Englishman?" "Certainly."
"Then," said Barrymore, slowly and
thoughtfully, "yes."—Harper's Week-
ly.

The Value of an Opinion.

An unusually brilliant bird in a young
lady's hat attracted attention in a
street in Hamburg, says a London pa-
per. Some spectators denounced the
cruelty of killing these innocent crea-
tures. Others criticised the pose and
arrangement of the plumage as unnat-
ural. On reaching home the intelli-
gent fowl (which happened to be a
real one and had settled on the hat
absent-mindedly) flew off and roosted
on the furniture. The girl has trained
it to come to her whistle. As it suits
her complexion charmingly, she in-
tends wearing it with each of her hats
in turn.

TRAINING THE BABY.

How the Walters Family Began to Di-
cipline Their Offspring.

After Mrs. Walters had "read up"
the subject thoroughly and tabulated
the results of her investigation, in her
methodical mind, she told her husband,
says the Chicago News, that she was
going to make a change with baby.
"We have been making a mistake
with him. Last night after dinner we
played with him and rocked him for a
full hour. To-night he is to be put to
bed and left to go to sleep by him-
self."

Walters, who is an extremely youth-
ful father, was about to say that
rocking the baby was "part of the
fun." Fortunately he realized in time
that this was not likely to meet with
the approval of his wife's more serious
mind, so he suggested instead that
baby might cry.

"We must be prepared for that,"
Mrs. Walters said, gently but firmly.
"For a night or two he may cry very
hard. But conscientious parents will
not neglect the best good of their chil-
dren because of a few tears."

Mrs. Walters did not give her reso-
lution time to cool. The baby, dimpled
and cooling and ready for his evening
frolic, was put to bed and the door
closed upon him. At first he appeared
to regard this as a new feature of the
game. From the next room his parents
could hear occasional interrogatory
gurgles. Then there came a faint wail,
then a flood of invective in baby lan-
guage.

"He's calling us names now," said
Walters. "I'm glad he takes that tack
rather than the plaintive."

He had hardly spoken when an ear-
splitting shriek sounded from the next
room. Walters sprang from his seat,
but his wife waved him back.

"This is only what was to be expect-
ed, Robert," she said, determined,
though pale. "He will cry hard to-
night, and possibly to-morrow night.
By that time he will have learned his
lesson. All the authorities I have con-
sulted agree that it is impossible for a
healthy child of his age to injure him-
self by crying."

Walters suggested that it would have
been better to accustom him to the
change gradually. On this point, too,
his wife was firm, quoting her authori-
ties with irritating readiness. The
Walterses are a harmonious couple,
but this time they came near a quarrel.

"There, he's quieting down at last,"
said Mrs. Walters, triumphantly, and
she was right. Baby's frantic outcries
had given way to pitiful sobs. Pres-
ently these also ceased, and Mrs. Wal-
ters smiled across the table at her hus-
band, who smiled back. Both were so
relieved that the ordeal was over that
they were inclined to overlook what-
ever might have been unpleasant in
the past.

"Now, you see, he's asleep. I'm go-
ing to take a peep at him."

She stepped lightly across the room
and opened the door of the bedroom.
Then she uttered a succession of
shrieks compared to which baby's re-
cent exhibitions were as nothing. With
a bound Walters was at her side, fear-
ing he knew not what.

The baby lay on the floor, a big lump
on his forehead, caused by hitting the
floor when he fell out of bed. He was
sleeping peacefully in spite of the fact
that there were undried tears on his
cheek.

The Grandmother's Art.

There is the art of being a grand-
mother—one of the most agreeable
and useful of a woman's accomplish-
ments. It has the joys of motherhood
without its responsibilities. The
grandmother at forty is only the be-
ginning of a grandmother. At sixty
she has a small store of experiences of
whooping cough and college "scrapes"
and love affairs and weddings on
which she may draw as occasion re-
quires, but at eighty the accumulation
is really splendid.

The grace and repose of the grand-
mother preserve ideals for the younger
generation which the strenuous de-
mands of the world too often force the
mother to neglect. The art of staying
at home and yet keeping a traveled
mind and spirit is not acquired before
seventy.

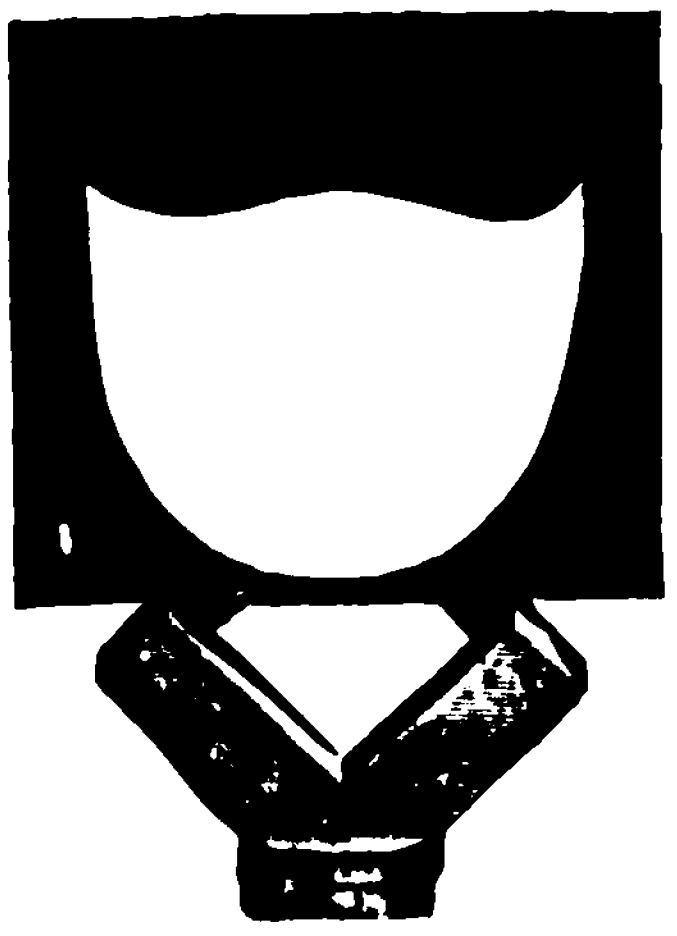
"What are you going to do with your
leisure?" asked a friend of a woman
of seventy, who was resigning some
of her lifelong duties to other hands.

"I am going to have it," replied the
wise old woman, "and that will be
enough pleasure for the next ten years.
By that time I may want to do some-
thing else with it."—Youth's Compan-
ion.

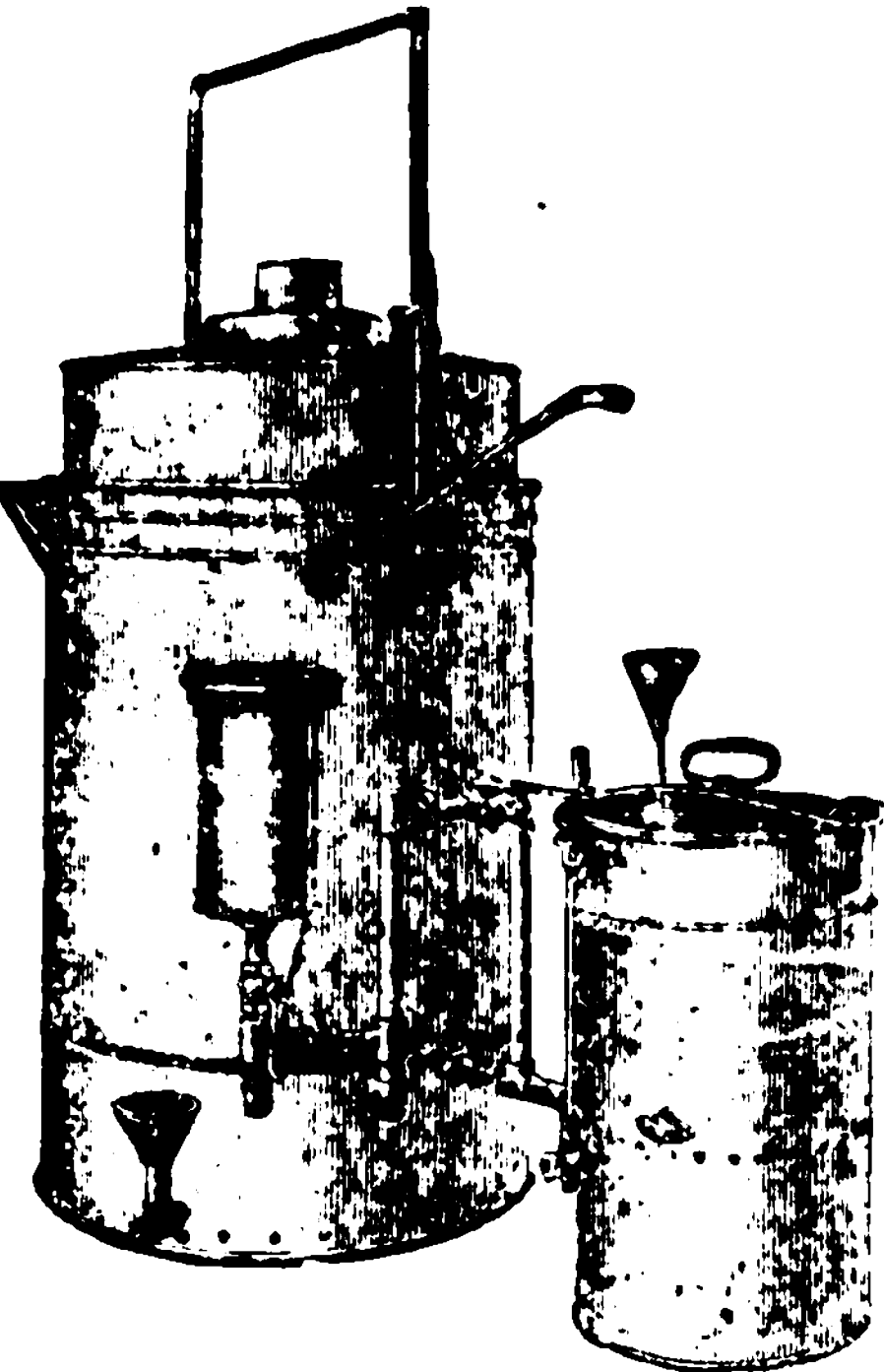
An Inspired Idiot.

Reuben Fields, the Johnson County
mathematician, who is considered by
many to be an idiotic wonder, stopped
at a hotel in a small town in Henry
County recently. As usual in such
places, there were a number of drum-
mers on hand; there was also a meet-
ing of some medical men at the place
who used the hotel as headquarters.
One of the doctors thought it would
be quite a joke to tell Fields that some
of the M. D.s. had concluded to kidnap
him and take out his brains to learn
how it was he was so good in mathe-
matics. He was then asked by them
what he was going to do about it.
Fields replied: "I will go on without
brains, just like you doctors are doing."
—Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner.

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BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
TOWER CANADA CO. Limited TORONTO, CAN.

THE LANGUAGE OF CITIES.

She asked with enchanting grace—
(To talk to her with perfect bliss)—
What was his own, his native place?
Said he, "I am from Jackson, Miss."

Oh, towns that suffer from a fire,
If friendly fakes would useful be,
In your distress, just send a wire
To Doctor Baltimore, MD.

Why did old Barnum do so well
In foisting fakes mankind upon?
The reason's easy quite to tell—
He used a deal of Bridgeport, Conn.

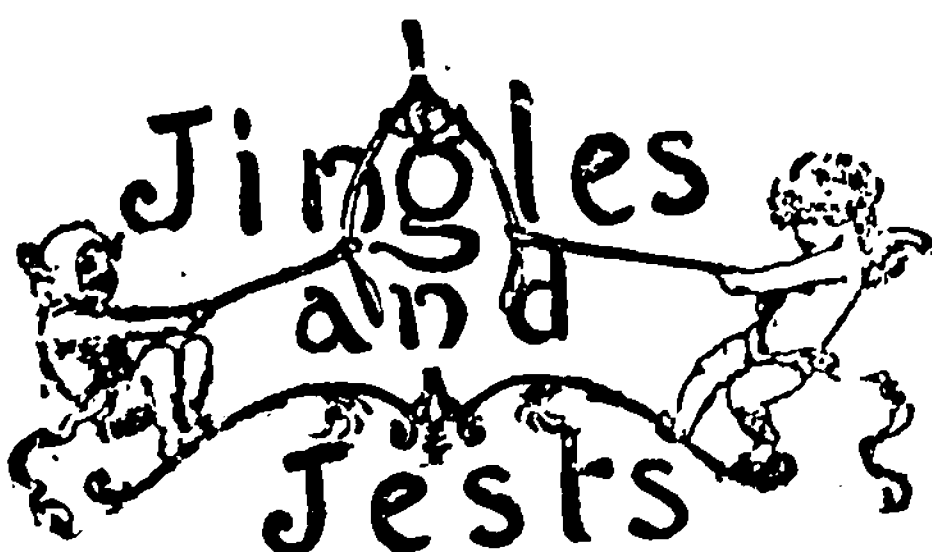
Said Julius Hardup, "Goodness knows
I can't hire help. I wonder—gosh!
If I agreed to iron the clothes,
I wonder would Olympia, Wash.?"

"Whom are you with?" the father
cried;
"Have you permission from your
ma?"

"Why, yes, indeed," the maid replied;
"And this is Mr. Scranton, Pa."

The constant growth of Gotham town
Is such a dire and dismal pill,
Whene'er she sets the figures down
It always makes Chicago, Ill.

"We must have speakers, if we'd win,
And get the State in line again!"
The boss declared, and to begin
Gave Bristol five and Memphis, Tenn.



It is the girl who marries a rough
diamond who often gets the most real
diamonds to wear.—Life.

"Did he earn a large salary with that
company?" "No. He didn't earn it.
He just drew it."—Washington Star.

Great wealth may often signify,
A reckoning without the host.
The things that riches cannot buy
Are those the rich man wants the most.

"What's this I hear about your giving
up your regular practice?" "Had
to; didn't have time for it. I have been
appointed physician to an auto club."—
Houston Post.

"The man died eating watermelons,"
some one said to Brother Dickey.
"Yes, sub," he replied; "sometimes
Providence puts us in paradise 'fo' we
gits ter heaven!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"You may refuse me now," said the
persistent suitor, "but I can wait. 'All
things come to him who waits.'"
"Yes," replied the dear girl, "and I
guess the first thing will be father; I
hear him on the stairs."—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Lady Driver of Automobile to
Tramps by the Wayside—"Can you
show us the way to Great Missingden,
please?" Weary Willie—"Cert'nly,
Miss, cert'nly. We're agoin' that way.
'Op up, Joe. Anythink to oblige a
lady!"—Punch.

A penniless fellow named Gough
Contracted a very bad cough,
Now, he hadn't the dough
To pay the doctor's bills, cough,
Unaided, he shook the cough out.
—Philadelphia Press.

"You know Borem, don't you?"
"Oh, just well enough to say 'how are
you?'" "Well, don't do it." "What
do you mean?" "Don't say 'how are
you?' to him. If you do, he'll hold
you up for ten or fifteen minutes and
tell you."—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes," said the magnate, "I began
life penniless, and now see where I
am." "Oh, cheer up," said the happy
but seedy-looking individual. "Per-
haps you can find a college or a church
some day that will relieve you of your
money."—Manchester Mirror and Ameri-
can.

Mr. Staylate—"My! it's 10 o'clock.
However, my train doesn't go till 11.10,
and it's very pleasant here on the
porch." Miss Subbubs—"I'm glad you
like it." Mr. Staylate—"Yes, but—or—
perhaps I'm keeping you up." Miss
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up and go to bed now."—Philadelphia
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Killing Ants.

As nearly every one is bothered once
in a while with ants, the remedy ad-
vised by the Garden Magazine will be
interesting: Boiling hot water poured
into the holes will destroy large num-
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Illustrated Bits.

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Geologists Discover Remains of Huge Pigs and Three-Toed Horses.

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Among these remarkable beasts
are extinct pigs and peccaries as
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and, not the least interesting, the
famous three-toed horse. The "elotherium,"
or giant hog, is a monster mammal
nearly 10 feet long and 6 or 7 feet
high.

Three-fourths of the remains of
animals found are of the peculiar
hoofed beasts named "creodonts,"
part deer and part hog. These varied
in size from that of a dog to that of
a small cow.

Tree 6,000 Years Old.

The distinction of being the oldest
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vince, in which Peking is situated, has
commissioned Prefect Lo Yingkeng,
who has composed some pieces of
music on lines combining foreign and
Chinese characteristics, to see about
the matter.

Will Explore Diamond Mines.

David Draper, of Johannesburg,
South Africa, who discovered the
famous Pretoria mines, has arrived in
this country with the purpose of look-
ing over the mountains of Western
North Carolina, where there are be-
lieved to be rich diamond deposits.

Magicians Unite.

The magicians in London have
formed an association known to the
Magic Circle. They found this neces-
sary to protect their tricks, as many
of the best ones were being exposed by
the burlesquers in the music halls.

Tigress With Bad Record.

There is a tigress in Burma which
has a record for man-killing. It is
said she has killed over 800 natives.
Now she has slain two English engi-
neers and an edict has gone forth that
she must be killed.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervous-
ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great
Nerve Restorer, \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free.
Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Genuine Russian caviar is one of the
most costly commodities.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Madrid still has the mediaeval night
watchmen.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consump-
tion. Has no effect on coughs and colds.—JOHN
F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1903.

The whole coast of the Gulf of California
abounds in pearls.

Singer Got a Fortune.

In recognition of the happiness his
singing afforded her, a Bavarian
widow, who had lived long in Milan,
has left the whole of her fortune,
amounting to \$2,000,000, to the tenor
Vincenzo Jirpo.

DISFIGURING HUMOR

Brushed Scales From Face Like Powder—
Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured
For Life—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema all over my
body. My face was covered; my eyebrows
came out. I had tried three doctors, but
did not get any better. I then went to
another doctor. He thought my face
would be marked for life, but my brother-
in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed
with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Oint-
ment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as di-
rected. I could brush the scales off my
face like powder. Now my face is just as
clear as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White,
641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April
25, '05."

A Long Train.

Railroad and crop statisticians fig-
ure that it will require a solid train
11,920 miles long to carry the grain
crop of 1905 to market.

Negroes Immune to Yellow Fever.

"Though in almost every industry
in Mississippi and Louisiana partial
paralysis is felt, railroad building and
repair goes on uninterrupted, as
though nothing had happened, be-
cause the laborers used are negroes
and are apparently immune from yel-
low fever," said J. B. Carbondale, of
Jackson, Miss. "Large gangs are
constantly working on the roads, and
I understand from a talk I had with
one of the engineers recently that the
Italians who had been used left, and
negroes are used exclusively."

"He told me from his experience
that mosquitoes which carry yellow
fever had not attacked them. This
seems true, when it was stated from
another source recently that none of
the negroes had died during the pres-
ent epidemic. A negro is supposed
to have a larger liver than a white
man, and that may have something to
do with it. At any rate, though the
negro has been supplanted to some
extent by the foreign labor during the
last couple of years, he now shows
his peculiar fitness for work in the
far South, particularly in the delta
where the fever is most rife. The
Italians live in unsanitary conditions,
and when the fever comes they are
attacked to a greater degree than
others. The negroes live in condi-
tions quite as unsanitary, and yet
they do not suffer."—Washington
Post.

Many Perils of Women.

A physician in Kansas City has
discovered that high collars worn by
women produce cancer of the throat,
and the Hopkins (Mo.) Journal adds:
"Low-necked dresses produce pneu-
monia, corsets cause heart disease
and shortness of breath, long skirts
gather up germs of all infectious dis-
eases, thin soles produce consump-
tion, tight shoes cause the toes to
grow together, and looking at bright
millinery causes sore eyes. Women
should be very careful about these
things."

New Submarine.

John P. Holland, inventor of the
Holland submarine boat, has made
and satisfactorily tested the model
of a new submarine, which is in-
tended to attain a speed of between
25 and 30 knots an hour, submerged.
The model prepared by Mr. Holland
has been put to the test at Washing-
ton by the Navy department and has
met all requirements.

Mothers Are Helped THEIR HEALTH RESTORED

Happiness of Thousands of Homes Due
to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

A devoted mother seems to listen to
every call of duty excepting the su-
preme one that tells her to guard her
health, and before she realizes it some
derangement of the female organs has
manifested itself, and nervousness and
irritability take the place of happi-
ness and amiability.



Tired, nervous and irritable, the
mother is unfit to care for her chil-
dren, and her condition ruins the child's
disposition and reacts upon herself.

The mother should not be blamed, as
she no doubt is suffering with back-
ache, headache, bearing-down pains or
displacement, making life a burden.

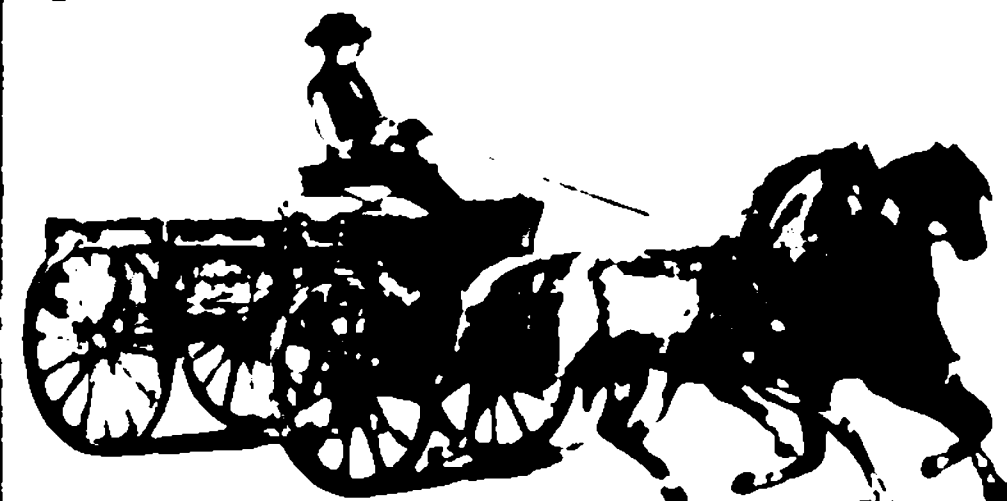
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is the unfailing cure for this
condition. It strengthens the female
organs and permanently cures all dis-
placements and irregularities.

Such testimony as the following
should convince women of its value:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
I want to tell you how much good Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me.
I suffered for eight years with ovarian
troubles. I was nervous, tired and ir-
ritable, and it did not seem as though I could
stand it any longer, as I had five children to
care for. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound was recommended and it has en-
tirely cured me. I cannot thank you enough
for your letter of advice and for what Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done
for me.—Mrs. Ph. Hoffman, 100 Himrod
Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women
free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

BROWN WAGON



MADE IN ALL STYLES.
Send for Booklet giving full description.
BROWN MANUFACTURING CO
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

IN THE BEST OF HEALTH SINCE TAKING PE-RU-NA.



IN POOR HEALTH. PAINS IN BACK. SICK HEADACHES. PE-RU-NA CURED.

Mrs. Lena Smith, N. Cherry street, cor.
Line, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"I have had poor health for the past
four years, pains in the back and groin,
and dull, sick headache, with bearing down
pains."

"A friend who was very enthusias-
tic about Peruna insisted that I
try it."

"I took it for ten days and was sur-
prised to find I had so little pain.
I therefore continued to use it and at
the end of two months my pains had
totally disappeared."

"I have been in the best of health
since and feel ten years younger. I
am very grateful to you."

Catarrh of the internal organs gradually
saps away the strength, undermines the
vitality and causes nervousness. Peruna is
the remedy.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line
cannot be equaled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS
MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN
ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can
disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their ex-
cellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing
qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50
shoe in the world. They are just as good as
those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only
difference is the price. If I could take you into
my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in
the world under one roof making men's fine
shoes, and show you the care with which each
pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize
why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best
shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the
shoes made in my factory and those of other
makers, you would understand why Douglas
\$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold
their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of
greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50
shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for
Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School &
Dress Shoes, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Dou-
glas shoes. Take no substitute. Name, genui-
ne without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED. A shoe dealer in every town where
W. L. Douglas Shoes are sold. Full line of
samples sent free for inspection upon request.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

troubled with the peculiar
discharges and as a douche is particularly suc-
cessful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs,
stops discharges, heals inflammation and local
soreness, cures leucorrhoea and nasal catarrh.
Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure
water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal
and economical than liquid antiseptics for all
TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Try Box and Book of Instructions Free.

THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Washington, D.C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Pension Bureau Member U.S. Pension Bureau
since civil war. 15 all educating claims, atty since

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives
quick relief and cures worst
cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 Days'
treatment Free. Dr. R. E. GREEN, 300 N. Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 39, 1905.

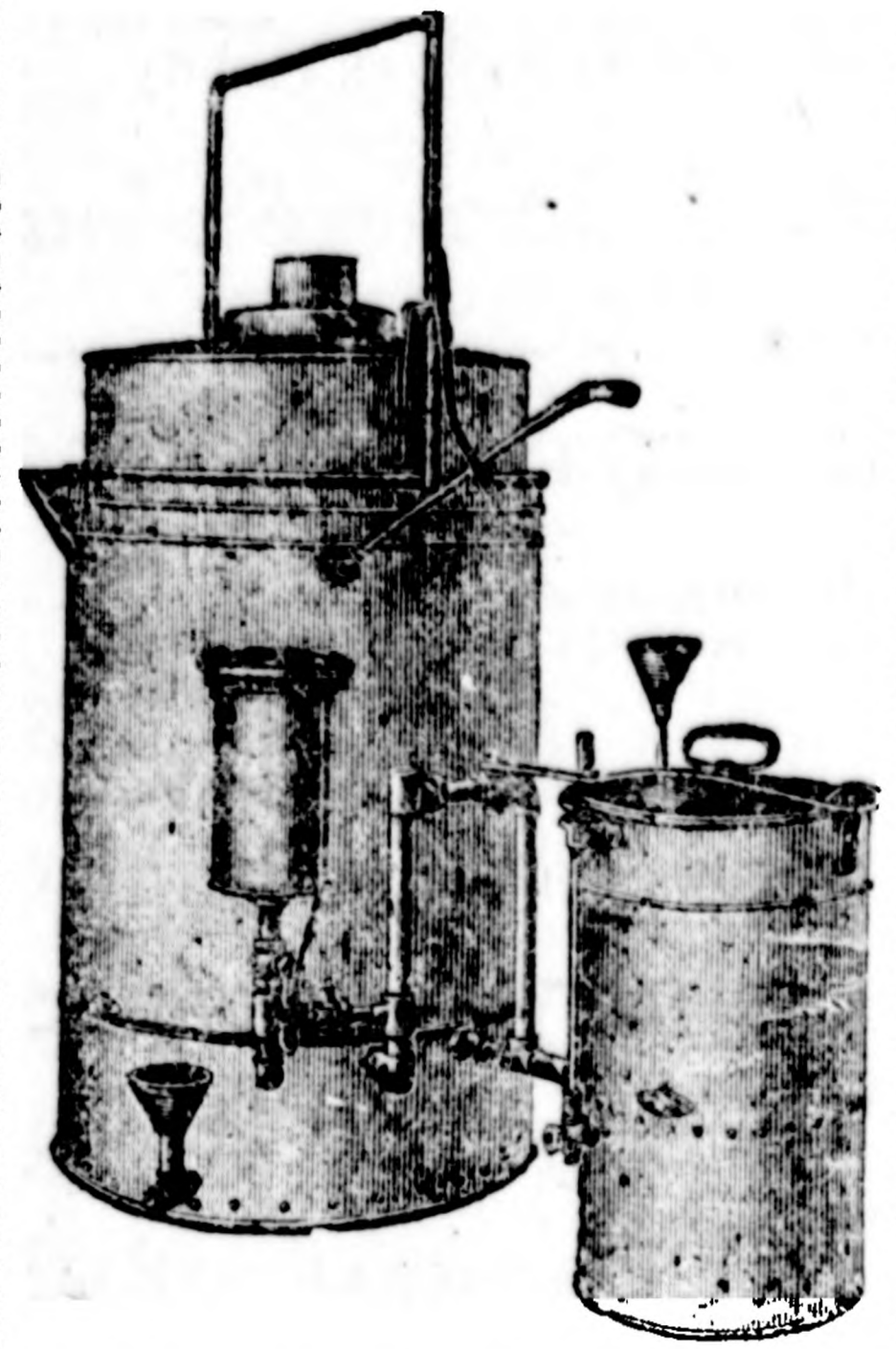
W. L. DOUGLAS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in all cases. Sold by druggists.

ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT



ACETYLENE GAS



PILOT Automatic Generators

can be installed at small cost in any home, large or small, anywhere. Acetylene Gas is cheaper than kerosene, brighter than electricity, safer than either. Full particulars **FREE** for the asking.

Acetylene Apparatus Mfg. Co.,
157 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Measuring Rain Drops.

The largest raindrops, the bucketfuls that we tell about, are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter. They are measured by allowing them to fall in flour. Each drop forms a pellet of dough. These pellets are compared with others obtained from drops of known size.

Dr. Gives Hospital.

Dr. John Warner, a wealthy physician, of Clinton, Ill., has given to De Witt county, that State, a first-class hospital, which has cost him \$25,000, and he will endow the institution liberally.

WE SELL A \$800 PIANO FOR \$195

To introduce, buy direct and save the difference. Easy terms. Write us and we'll tell you all about it.

BOFFMAN'S MUSIC HOUSE,
537 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE MAN

BEHIND THE SAW

Has easy work if it's an Atkins. The keen, clean cutting edge and perfect taper of the blade make it run easily without buckling. No "humping" to do with the Perfection Blade.

But there are other men behind the Atkins saw. The originator of silver steel, the finest crucible steel made, was a good deal of a man. The discoverer of the Atkins secret tempering process was likewise a man of brains and genius.

And there are high-class workmen behind this saw, masters of their craft, whose skill and pride of workmanship have helped to make the Atkins Trade Mark an assurance of quality as reliable as the Government assay stamp.

We make all types and sizes of saws, but only one grade—the best. Atkins Saws, Corn Knives, Perfection Floor Scrapers, etc., are sold by all good hardware dealers. Catalogue on request.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.

Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World.

Factory and Executive Offices, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto, Canada.

Accept no Substitute—Insist on the Atkins Brand

SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

of FAMOUS PERSONS Bought and Sold

WALTON R. BENJAMIN, 1 West 34th Street, New York.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

AGAINST THE STORM

THERE IS NO PROTECTION IN THE WORLD LIKE TOWER'S SLICKERS

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST DEALERS

A. J. TOWER CO. ESTABLISHED 1836
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Magicians Unite.

The magicians in London have
formed an association known to the
Magic Circle. They found this neces-
sary to protect their tricks, as many
of the best ones were being exposed by
the burlesquers in the music halls.

Tigress With Bad Record.

There is a tigress in Burma which
has a record for man-killing. It is
said she has killed over 800 natives.
Now she has slain two English engi-
neers and an edict has gone forth that
she must be killed.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-
ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great
Nerve Restorer, \$2 trial bottle and treatise free.
Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Genuine Russian caviar is one of the
most costly commodities.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Madrid still has the mediaeval night
watchmen.

Do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consump-
tion, a nostrum for coughs and colds.—JOHN
F. BARNES, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1903.

The whole coast of the Gulf of California
abounds in pearls.

Singer Got a Fortune.

In recognition of the happiness his
singing afforded her, a Bavarian
widow, who had lived long in Milan,
has left the whole of her fortune,
amounting to \$2,000,000, to the tenor
Vincenzo Jirpo.

DISFIGURING HUMOR

Brushed Scales From Face Like Powder—

Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured

For Life—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema all over my
body. My face was covered; my eyebrows
came out. I had tried three doctors, but
did not get any better. I then went to
another doctor. He thought my face
would be marked for life, but my brother-
in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed
with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Oint-
ment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as di-
rected. I could brush the scales off my
face like powder. Now my face is just as
clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White,
641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April
25, '05."

A Long Train.

Railroad and crop statisticians fig-
ure that it will require a solid train
11,920 miles long to carry the grain
crop of 1905 to market.

Negroes Immune to Yellow Fever.

"Though in almost every industry
in Mississippi and Louisiana partial
paralysis is felt, railroad building and
repair goes on uninterrupted, be-
cause the laborers used are negroes
and are apparently immune from yel-
low fever," said J. B. Carbondale, of
Jackson, Miss. "Large gangs are
constantly working on the roads, and
I understand from a talk I had with
one of the engineers recently that the
Italians who had been used left, and
negroes are used exclusively."

"He told me from his experience
that mosquitoes which carry yellow
fever had not attacked them. This
seems true, when it was stated from
another source recently that none of
the negroes had died during the pres-
ent epidemic. A negro is supposed
to have a larger liver than a white
man, and that may have something to
do with it. At any rate, though the
negro has been supplanted to some
extent by the foreign labor during the
last couple of years, he now shows
his peculiar fitness for work in the
far South, particularly in the delta
where the fever is most rife. The
Italians live in unsanitary conditions,
and when the fever comes they are
attacked to a greater degree than
others. The negroes live in condi-
tions quite as unsanitary, and yet
they do not suffer."—Washington
Post.

Many Perils of Women.

A physician in Kansas City has
discovered that high collars worn by
women produce cancer of the throat,
and the Hopkins (Mo.) Journal adds:
"Low-necked dresses produce pneu-
monia, corsets cause heart disease
and shortness of breath, long skirts
gather up germs of all infectious dis-
eases, thin soles produce consump-
tion, tight shoes cause the toes to
grow together, and looking at bright
millinery causes sore eyes. Women
should be very careful about these
things."

New Submarine.

John P. Holland, inventor of the
Holland submarine boat, has made
and satisfactorily tested the model
of a new submarine, which is in-
tended to attain a speed of between
25 and 30 knots an hour, submerged.
The model prepared by Mr. Holland
has been put to the test at Washing-
ton by the Navy department and has
met all requirements.

Mothers Are Helped

THEIR HEALTH RESTORED

Happiness of Thousands of Homes Due
to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

A devoted mother seems to listen to
every call of duty excepting the su-
preme one that tells her to guard her
health, and before she realizes it some
derangement of the female organs has
manifested itself, and nervousness and
irritability take the place of happi-
ness and amiability.



Tired, nervous and irritable, the
mother is unfit to care for her chil-
dren, and her condition ruins the child's
disposition and reacts upon herself.

The mother should not be blamed, as
she no doubt is suffering with back-
ache, headache, bearing-down pains or
displacement, making life a burden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is the unfailing cure for this
condition. It strengthens the female
organs and permanently cures all dis-
placements and irregularities.

Such testimony as the following
should convince women of its value:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me.
I suffered for eight years with ovarian
troubles. I was nervous, tired and ir-
ritable, and it did not seem as though I could
stand it any longer, as I had five children to
care for. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound was recommended and it has en-
tirely cured me. I cannot thank you enough
for your letter of advice and for what Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done
for me.—Mrs. Ph. Hoffman, 100 Himrod
Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women
free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

BROWN WAGON



MADE IN ALL STYLES.
Send for Booklet giving full description.
BROWN MANUFACTURING CO
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

IN THE BEST OF HEALTH SINCE TAKING PE-RU-NA.



IN POOR HEALTH.

PAINS IN BACK.

SICK HEADACHES.

PER-UNA CURED.

Mrs. Lena Smith, N. Cherry street, cor.
Lanc, Nashville, Tenn., writes:
"I have had poor health for the past
four years, pains in the back and stom-
ach, and dull, sick headache, with bearing down
pains."

"A friend who was very enthusi-
astic about Peruna insisted that I
try it."

"I took it for ten days and was sur-
prised to find I had so little pain."
"I therefore continued to use it and at
the end of two months my pains had
totally disappeared."

"I have been in the best of health
since and feel ten years younger. I
am very grateful to you."

Catarrh of the internal organs gradually
saps away the strength, undermines the
vitality and causes nervousness. Peruna is
the remedy.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line
cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. Douglas makes and sells
more men's \$3.50 shoes than
any other manufacturer.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can
disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their ex-
cellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing
qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50
shoe in the world. They are just as good as
those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only
difference is the price. If I could take you into
my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in
the world under one roof making men's fine
shoes, and show you the care with which every
pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize
why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best
shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between
the shoes made in my factory and those of other
makers, you would understand why Douglas
\$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold
their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of
greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50
shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for
Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School &
Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Dou-
glas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine
without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED. A shoe dealer in every town where
W. L. Douglas Shoes are sold. Full line of
samples sent free for inspection upon request.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PAXTINE

TOILET

ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

troubled with the peculiar
their sex, used as a douche is marvellously suc-
cessful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs,
stops discharges, lessens inflammation and local
soreness, cures leucorrhoea and nasal catarrh.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure
water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal
and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Try Box and Book of Instructions Free.

THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

PENSION

JOHN W. HOBBS,
Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

late Private, Regular U. S. Pension Bureau
\$775 in civil war, 10 all educating claims, atty. since

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives
quick relief and cures worst
cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 Days'
treatment FREE. Dr. H. E. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 39, 1905.

WILLIAMS' CURE FOR

WILLIAMS' CURE FOR
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, Use
in all cases. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

New Oxford Item.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

At present there are in the county jail only eight prisoners.

A camp of the P. O. S. of A. order is to be instituted in East Berlin shortly.

A slight flurry of snow fell in this place Sunday night between 6 and 7 o'clock.

Auker's Bronchial Troches 10c a box. None better for throat affections.

The Standard Oil Company has advanced the price of oil, the lower grades two cents.

Elsworth Border, of Latimore township, reports a stunning corn crop of 1900 bushels from 11 acres of land.

Gunners say that squirrels are scarce in this section than for many years. The season opened Oct. 1 and closes Dec. 1.

Whenever you feel like going to law to get redress for some grievance, sleep over it three nights, and each day read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

Auker's Headache Powders are guaranteed to cure any kind of headache. 10c.

Mrs. George L. Fickle and Sadie Miller, of Latimore township, peeled and dressed 48 bushels of apples in 9 hours at the evaporator last week.

Mr. Clarence Smith residing on the farm of Mr. C. A. Diehl, at Diehl's mill, will have public sale of stock and implements on March 15, 1906.

A person said the other day all things come to those who wait. Yes, but the chances are that by the time they turn up we have lost all appetite for them.

New Souvenir Post Cards at Auker's Drug Store. 3 for 5c. Come early as supply is limited.

Mrs. C. M. Weaver of Mountpleasant Farm, had about 350 bushels of nice apples and 100 bushels pears picked from her thriving young orchards this season.

Mr. William Feeser, of Littlestown, suffered a slight paralytic stroke last Friday night shortly after retiring. His speech was affected and also the sight of one eye.

Miss Carrie Hines, a beautiful 19-year-old girl of Bigmount, York county, has suddenly become violently insane, and has been removed to the almshouse hospital.

For Dandruff and all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, try Auker's guaranteed Dandruff Cure. 50c bottle.

J. Willis Smith after serving as assistant in the York Springs postoffice for a period covering fifteen and one half years has resigned his position to take effect on Nov. 1.

Work is progressing on the rectory at the Paradise Catholic Church which they intend completing this fall. Also the foundation wall for the orphanage will be laid this fall.

Auker's Syrup White Pine and Tar is guaranteed to give satisfactory results in coughs, colds and all bronchial affections. 25c a bottle.

Engine No. 1 of the Berlin Branch Railroad Co. has been sold to G. J. Halter, of York. Halter will consign the old machine to the scrap pile, as it has outlived its usefulness.

As the result of a free-for-all fight in which there were some eight or ten participants, on a recent Sunday night, each offender will have to pay \$5 costs to the borough of Littlestown.

FOR SALE.—A desirable home on Pitt street, New Oxford. For particulars inquire at the IREM office.

On Tuesday evening while playing foot ball with his brothers in the yard Luther Musselman, son of J. Elmer Musselman, of Gettysburg, fell and broke his arm between the elbow and wrist.

It is announced upon good authority that cobalt, the mineral which Thomas A. Edison will require for his new storage battery, has been found in considerable quantities in the vicinity of Dillsburg.

Alber Wertz, a fireman on the Western Maryland Railroad, was taken sick with typhoid fever at the home of a brother-in-law in Hanover and had to be removed on a stretcher to his home in Littlestown.

Lost.—On the streets of New Oxford, a dark colored horse-blanket. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford.

Mrs. Susan Null, who was a resident of Abbotstown nearly the entire period of her long life of 88 years, was taken to the county almshouse last Wednesday. She was in good spirits and perfectly contented to go.

About 5 o'clock on Saturday evening as Mrs. D. P. Forney, of Conowago township, was stepping from a carriage at her home after returning from Hanover, the horse started suddenly and threw her to the ground. In the fall Mrs. Forney sustained a fracture of the left thigh bone.

Rev. Adam Stump, D. D., of York, who has charge of four Lutheran churches, has baptized two thousand babies. He also drove one horse over forty thousand miles in the course of his life. He also married 576 couples.

Leather has advanced, according to report, not less than twenty-five per cent. within recent months, and the increased cost of raw material is expected to be reflected in the price of harness, footwear and all things made out of leather.

Allen B. Plank, the plumber, of Gettysburg, was taken to the Maryland General Hospital, Baltimore, on the early train Wednesday morning and was at once operated on for appendicitis. The operation was successful and Mr. Plank is resting easily.

Mrs. Anna Mary Criswell an aged lady residing with her son Charles in Huntington township, met with a very unfortunate accident on Tuesday. She was carrying a pale of milk to the barn and tripped and fell on a pile of stones and broke the bones in one of her limbs at the hip joint.

D. A. Gardner and family expect to leave their home near York Springs early next Spring in order to take charge of a large wheat farm in the State of Washington, recently purchased by his uncle, Prof. J. Edmund Myers, of New York City.

Dr. Wm. R. Snyder and C. W. Myers claim the championship on bass fishing this season. While fishing in the Eisenhower dam near East Berlin, one day last week, they succeeded in catching 20 as fine bass as came to town this season, some of them weighing nearly 8 pounds each.

Reports from York county, which seem to be pretty well authenticated, are to the effect that plans are in progress for the construction of a railroad from Dillsburg to Wellsville, both within York county. According to reports the new line is to be a steam railroad and will be seven and a half miles in length.

Dr. J. L. Sheetz assisted by Dr. Glenn, on Thursday removed two quarts of fluid from the chest of Mr. Joshua Sease of Orrtanna. Mr. Sease is a man of 76 years and has been ill for some time. He is the father of Miss Henrietta Sease who has been making her home with the family of Dr. Sheetz for some years.

The banns of marriage were published for the first time in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Sunday morning, between James R. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Weaver, at present manager of the Midway coal yards, and Miss Mamie Felty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Felty, of near town.

While driving home from Asper's on last Monday Alex. Eichelberger, the well known postmaster of Ariosa, suffered a sunstroke and remained in an unconscious condition for over three hours. Jos. W. Bream found Mr. Eichelberger's team at the side of the road and he was lying on the seat. After being removed home medical aid was summoned and he is much improved.

At the meeting of the Adams County Medical Society held in Gettysburg last Monday, a verbal report was submitted as to fees. According to the report the charges of the physicians will remain as heretofore, except that no office charge be less than 50 cents, that night rates after 9:30 o'clock should be twice the day rates and that after Jan. 1, 1906, confinement cases should be \$10.

Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Kohler, of Pitt street, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the York City Hospital several weeks ago, was brought to her home last week and will be able to be out and about in a very short time. Mr. Joseph Weaver, who underwent an operation at the same institution on last Monday a week, continues to improve nicely.

Mr. Howard Hoover, of Hamilton township, aged about 40 years, was twice stricken with paralysis on Sunday. Mr. Hoover had gone to the office of Dr. Spatz in Hanover, for some medicine, as he was not feeling very well. While in the doctor's office he was stricken and fell to the floor, but after some time was revived and removed to his home. His entire one side is effected, but at last accounts, tho' in a serious condition, he was slightly improved.

Mrs. Mary J. Smith, as Administratrix of the estate of the late Oliver A. Smith, on Saturday sold at public sale the following: The home property on Hanover street was purchased by Mrs. Smith on first bid of \$1800; the vacant lot on Pitt street was purchased by the Farmers & Merchants Bank at \$1,425. Theo. Warner purchased five shares of Farmers & Merchants Bank Stock at \$100.25 per share, also two shares at \$100 per share, three shares were sold to Wm. F. Sheely at \$100 per share.

Aaron Geiman, son of Samuel Geiman and wife, of Midway, who was placed in the York Hospital nine weeks ago for treatment for appendicitis, undergoing an operation several weeks ago, was brought home Monday evening by his parents, greatly improved.

Never growl if a newspaper fails to give every bit of news, so long as you take no pains to give the editor information. We have seen readers who are awfully put out at times because we make no mention of the arrival or departure of a friend visiting them, or of a social affair, or of the heaven-sent babies that visit their homes over night. The average newspaper man isn't a medium or a mind reader, but gets most of his news the same way the milkman gets his milk, by pumping.

The 24th annual convention of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the West Penna. Synod of the Lutheran church was held last week in Christ church, Gettysburg, convening Wednesday afternoon and closing Friday morning. About 175 delegates were present, including about 30 from the Young People's Societies and the Mission Band. At the final session Friday morning the committee for place of next meeting reported invitations received from York and New Oxford. The former was recommended.

Hymenial.

Oct. 14, by Rev. P. M. Spangler, John C. Nickey and Beulah M. Albright, both of Hampton.

Oct. 15, by Rev. P. M. Spangler, Albert W. Nitchman, of Bermudian and Emma R. Link, of near East Berlin.

Oct. 12, at Newville, Pa., by Rev. F. T. Wheeler, Paul E. Spangler, formerly of East Berlin, to Miss Julia McCandlish, of Newville, Cumberland county.

Wednesday morning at the Presbyterian parsonage, Gettysburg, Rev. D. W. Woods, Jr., united in marriage George E. Dietrick and Jessie L. Speelman, both of York Springs.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, at the home of the bride Dr. J. A. Clutz performed the wedding ceremony for John Woodward and Bessie Kunkle, both of Gettysburg.

John F. Funk, of Hagerstown, a traveling salesman, and Miss Lillian W. Bomberger, of Bendersville, were married at the Presbyterian parsonage in Gettysburg, on Monday, by Rev. D. W. Woods, Jr.

At the home of the groom in Arendtsville, Rev. John G. Koser of Eglon, Md., and Miss Lula May Little of Gettysburg, were united in marriage by Rev. D. T. Koser, father of the groom, on Wednesday afternoon. They have gone to Eglon, where Mr. Koser is pastor of a Lutheran church.

Miss Edna Blanche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus G. Fissel, of Hanover, and Mr. Jesse W. Hoffman, of Harney, Md., were united in marriage Thursday, at twelve o'clock, at the home of the bride, No. 17 W. Middle street, Hanover. Mr. and Mrs. Fissel were formerly of this county and resided near Greenmount, five miles above Gettysburg.

Lecture Course.

The committee on the Lecture Course desires to inform the people of New Oxford and vicinity that they have secured five very good lectures for this coming season, and those who have not already subscribed will be called upon at an early date to do so if they wish. It is the desire of the committee to give everybody a chance to procure tickets for the season at \$1.50, making each lecture but 30c, where they will have an opportunity to see and hear some of the best talent on the stand today. The course will open on Nov. 10, with the "De Barrie Gill Combination" Harpists and Entertainers. On December 14th Lou J. Beauchamp the comic lecturer on "The Humor, Pathos and Poetry of Every Day Life" In January you will hear Bishop C. C. McCabe on "The Light Side of Life in Libby Prison." February 24th Surrick Lincoln in "Pictorial Travelogue" assisted by Mrs. Lincoln, and on March 22nd we will have with us the Amphion Male Quartette, of Philadelphia. These people are worth hearing and to spend an evening listening to this talent should be a treat to every one in New Oxford. Most of the people that had subscribed last winter have again subscribed and the tickets will be on sale at an early date. Remember the chart for seats will be open at every lecture. The price of admission to a single lecture is 50c.

All clocks, watches and jewelry repairing done neatly and cheaply. Goods left with G. A. Klingel, New Oxford will be forwarded and promptly returned. PENROSE MYERS, Jeweler, Gettysburg, Pa.

Death's Doings.

Peter Baker, aged 71 years, of Cold Spring, a paralytic, died at the Alms House on Tuesday.

Mr. Daniel Cline died at his home near Storm's Store, Mountpleasant township, on last Tuesday, after a lingering illness from cancer of the stomach, aged 69 years, 10 months and 8 days. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Rickrode of West High street, this place. The funeral took place Friday morning, interment being made at Christ Church, near Littlestown, Rev. Lindaman officiating.

Miss Jennie Breighner died Friday evening, Oct. 20, about 6 o'clock, at the home of her step-mother Mrs. Richard Breighner, at Centennial, aged 28 years. Miss Breighner had been an invalid almost her entire lifetime, suffering from an affection of the spine. This was later complicated with tuberculosis, which caused her death. She was a daughter of the late Henry Breighner, and, besides her step-mother, is survived by two brothers Henry and Charles Breighner, both residing in the vicinity of Centennial.

Clinton, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Noel, of near Swope's school house, Mountpleasant township, died on Thursday afternoon, aged 6 months. Interment was at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, Rev. W. Hartman officiating.

Died in Baltimore Hospital.

Mrs. Annie, wife of Andrew Ramer, of Gettysburg, died Thursday morning at 5:50 o'clock in St. Joseph's Hospital Baltimore, to which place she had been taken on Tuesday by Dr. Hartman for treatment. Mr. Ramer left for Baltimore on the morning train and did not learn of his wife's death till he reached the hospital. The remains were brought to her late home in Gettysburg on the evening train.

About four weeks ago Mrs. Ramer accidentally fell while at work in the kitchen, gangrene setting in, resulting in her death. She leaves four small children, two boys and two girls, the oldest 8 years and the youngest 8 weeks of age. Her husband, her mother, living at Fairfield, and one brother, also survive. She would have been 30 years old, had she lived until the 10th of next month.

Died Suddenly.

Mrs. Eliza Jane Deatruck, wife of Mr. Boreas Deatruck, died suddenly at her home in Hunterstown about 9 o'clock on Friday evening. Mrs. Deatruck retired about 8 o'clock in her usual health, but some time later awakened her husband and complained of not feeling well. Dr. Goldsborough was summoned but his services were of no avail, as she passed peacefully away a few minutes after his arrival, death being due to heart failure. She was aged 73 years, 6 months and 3 days. Deceased was born in Mountpleasant township, a daughter of Abraham Reaver. She was married to Mr. Deatruck about 54 years ago, and the family has resided since that time in Hunters-town. Her husband and the following children survive: Larua, at home, Wil'm, of South Dakota, Harry and Frank, of Hunterstown, and Charles E., the present Prothonotary at Gettysburg. Two sisters also survive, Mrs. Charlott Weaver and Miss Kate Reaver, of Muncie, Ind. Her remains were laid to rest at 11 a. m., Monday, in beautiful black broadcloth casket, in the Presbyterian cemetery, Rev. S. P. Mauger officiating. The pallbearers were J. W. Taughnbaugh, J. L. Taughnbaugh, Peter Decker, P. W. Bream, E. W. Goldsborough and W. A. Tate. The high esteem in which deceased was held in the community was shown by the large number of people who came to show their last respects.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George F. Slagle, of Oxford township, is on a visit to friends at Quarryville, Lancaster county.

Mr. Alex. H. Rebert, of Mt. Joy township, one of the Democratic candidates for County Commissioner, was looking up his interest in this place and vicinity on Friday and paid this office a brief visit. Mr. Rebert is one of the leading and most influential citizens of his township, and should be elected we believe would make a good and economical official.

John D. Keith, Esq., of Gettysburg, Republican candidate for District Attorney, gave us an appreciated call Saturday morning. Mr. Keith is a hustler and will poll a large vote in this section.

Rev. Gen. A. Livingston, wife and son, of York, spent several days the latter part of last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Livingston, near town.

Dr. Wm. Ruff and wife, of Philadelphia, spent several days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Ruff, Carlisle street.

Miss Mariah Kehm, of Philadelphia street, spent some time at Bradley Beach, N. J.

Mr. E. C. Kahlbaugh, station agent at Hampstead, Md., visited his sister, Mrs. Rosa Spahr, near town over Sunday.

Mr. Geo. B. Colestock, of Abbotstown, Republican candidate for Sheriff, gave us a pleasant call on Tuesday. Mr. Colestock is a strong candidate and will poll a rousing big vote in this part of the county where he is best known, which is the best of evidence of his worth.

A Few From McSherrystown.

Randall Lebo, of Lebanon, was arrested at Steelton on Monday by Constable Silas Bailey, on a warrant issued by Squire V. H. Lilly, the offence being of a serious nature preferred by Miss Mazie McSherry, of this place. The accused was held at Steelton until the arrival of Constable Dougherty, who brought him here Tuesday evening. The case was settled before the District Attorney of Adams county, Wednesday.

F. V. Topper, the barber, who was threatened with appendicitis, is now out of danger and is greatly improved.

Edward J. Topper, of South street, has been waiting until all the pumpkin stories have been turned in to make his report, which is as follows: Two vines in his yard yielded 20 pumpkins, weighing in the aggregate 1,000 pounds. The largest measured 6 feet 2 inches in circumference and weighed 116 pounds.

Mrs. George F. Bender of this place, and Miss Mary Strack of York, visited friends at New Oxford Monday.

Mrs. Weldon J. Hemler has returned from Baltimore, where she underwent an operation at the City Hospital. Mrs. Hemler was cordially greeted by her many friends.

Joseph H. Hemler is erecting a frame barn 26x28 feet on the rear of his lot on Ridge Ave.

Hugh J. Colgan on Saturday sold at public sale the farm of the late Francis Colgan, near Irishtown, containing 26 acres and 85 perches, to John F. Klunk, of Irishtown, for \$1330.

Bishop Mills of Pennsylvania conference of the United Brethren church, on Sunday appointed Rev. C. E. Snoko to occupy the Gettysburg and Granite pulpits. He will succeed Rev. S. L. Rice.

Only one, but a big one. Mr. W. F. Sheely caught in the Conowago Creek, at Hoover's, on Tuesday, the largest bass brought to town this season. It measured 19 inches in length and weighed 34 pounds.

FOR RENT.—Dwelling and Store-room in New Chester. Possession given April 1, 1906. For particulars call on or address C. H. MYERS, New Oxford.

October 19, in Mountpleasant township, Glenn Walter, infant son of Joseph and Delta Noel, aged 6 months, 2 weeks and 1 day.

Little Glennie was our darling.
Friede of all our hearts and home;
But an angel came and whispered,
"Little Glennie, do come home!"

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church will hold their Annual Supper November 10th and 11th. 10-6

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 78
No. 2 ".....75
Raked ".....50
Rye.....48 @ 50
Corn.....38 @ 40
Oats.....22 @ 25
Clover seed, per lb.....8 @ 10
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 10 00
Timothy hay.....6 00 @ 8 00

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

New Oxford Item.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

At present there are in the county jail only eight prisoners.

A camp of the P. O. S. of A. order is to be instituted in East Berlin shortly.

A slight flurry of snow fell in this place Sunday night between 6 and 7 o'clock.

AUKER'S Bronchial Troches 10c a box. None better for throat affections.

The Standard Oil Company has advanced the price of oil, the lower grades two cents.

Elsworth Border, of Latimore township, reports a stunning corn crop of 1900 bushels from 11 acres of land.

Gunners say that squirrels are scarcer in this section than for many years. The season opened Oct. 1 and closes Dec. 1.

Whenever you feel like going to law to get redress for some grievance, sleep over it three nights, and each day read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

AUKER'S Headache Powders are guaranteed to cure any kind of headache. 10c.

Mrs. George L. Fickle and Sadie Miller, of Latimore township, peeled and dressed 48 bushels of apples in 9 hours at the evaporator last week.

Mr. Clarence Smith residing on the farm of Mr. G. A. Diehl, at Diehl's mill, will have public sale of stock and implements on Saturday, 1906.

A person said the other day all things come to those who wait. Yes, but the chances are that by the time they turn up we have lost all appetite for them.

New Souvenir Post Cards at AUKER'S Drug Store. 3 for 5c. Come early as supply is limited.

Mrs. C. M. Weaver of Mountpleasant Farm, had about 350 bushels of nice apples and 100 bushels pears picked from her thriving young orchards this season.

Mr. William Feaser, of Littlestown, suffered a slight paralytic stroke last Friday night shortly after retiring. His speech was affected and also the sight of one eye.

Miss Carrie Hines, a beautiful 19-year-old girl of Bigmouth, York county, has suddenly become violently insane, and has been removed to the almshouse hospital.

For Dandruff and all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, try AUKER'S guaranteed Dandruff Cure. 50c bottle.

J. Willis Smith after serving as assistant in the York Springs postoffice for a period covering fifteen and one half years has resigned his position to take effect on Nov. 1.

Work is progressing on the rectory at the Paradise Catholic Church which they intend completing this fall. Also the foundation wall for the orphanage will be laid this fall.

AUKER'S Syrup White Pine and Tar is guaranteed to give satisfactory results in coughs, colds and all bronchial affections. 25c a bottle.

Engine No. 1 of the Berlin Branch Railroad Co. has been sold to G. J. Halter, of York. Halter will consign the old machine to the scrap pile, as it has outlived its usefulness.

As the result of a free-for-all fight in which there were some eight or ten participants, on a recent Sunday night, each offender will have to pay \$5 costs to the borough of Littlestown.

FOR SALE.—A desirable home on Pitt street, New Oxford. For particulars inquire at the IREM office.

On Tuesday evening while playing foot ball with his brothers in the yard Luther Musselman, son of J. Elmer Musselman, of Gettysburg, fell and broke his arm between the elbow and wrist.

It is announced upon good authority that cobalt, the mineral which Thomas A. Edison will require for his new storage battery, has been found in considerable quantities in the vicinity of Dillsburg.

Alber Wertz, a fireman on the Western Maryland Railroad, was taken sick with typhoid fever at the home of a brother-in-law in Hanover and had to be removed on a stretcher to his home in Littlestown.

LOST.—On the streets of New Oxford, a dark colored horse-blanket. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford.

Mrs. Susan Null, who was a resident of Abbotstown nearly the entire period of her long life of 88 years, was taken to the county almshouse last Wednesday. She was in good spirits and perfectly contented to go.

About 5 o'clock on Saturday evening as Mrs. D. P. Forney, of Conowago township, was stepping from a carriage at her home after returning from Hanover, the horse started suddenly and threw her to the ground. In the fall Mrs. Forney sustained a fracture of the left thigh bone.

Rev. Adam Stump, D. D., of York, who has charge of four Lutheran churches, has baptized two thousand babies. He also drove one horse over forty thousand miles in the course of his life. He also married 576 couples.

Leather has advanced, according to report, not less than twenty-five per cent. within recent months, and the increased cost of raw material is expected to be reflected in the price of harness, footwear and all things made out of leather.

Allen B. Plank, the plumber, of Gettysburg, was taken to the Maryland General Hospital, Baltimore, on the early train Wednesday morning and was at once operated on for appendicitis. The operation was successful and Mr. Plank is resting easily.

Mrs. Anna Mary Criswell an aged lady residing with her son Charles in Huntington township, met with a very unfortunate accident on Tuesday. She was carrying a pale of milk to the barn and tripped and fell on a pile of stones and broke the bones in one of her limbs at the hip joint.

D. A. Gardner and family expect to leave their home near York Springs early next Spring in order to take charge of a large wheat farm in the State of Washington, recently purchased by his uncle, Prof. J. Edmund Myers, of New York City.

Dr. Wm. R. Snyder and C. W. Myers claim the championship on bass fishing this season. While fishing in the Eisenhower dam near East Berlin, one day last week, they succeeded in catching 20 as fine bass as came to town this season, some of them weighing nearly 3 pounds each.

Reports from York county, which seem to be pretty well authenticated, are to the effect that plans are in progress for the construction of a railroad from Dillsburg to Wellsville, both within York county. According to reports the new line is to be a steam railroad and will be seven and a half miles in length.

Dr. J. L. Sheetz assisted by Dr. Glenn, on Thursday removed two quarts of fluid from the chest of Mr. Joshua Sease of Orrtanna. Mr. Sease is a man of 76 years and has been ill for some time. He is the father of Miss Henrietta Sease who has been making her home with the family of Dr. Sheetz for some years.

The banns of marriage were published for the first time in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Sunday morning, between James R. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Weaver, at present manager of the Midway coal yards, and Miss Mamie Felty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Felty, of near town.

While driving home from Asper's on last Monday Alex. Eichelberger, the well known postmaster of Ariosa, suffered a sunstroke and remained in an unconscious condition for over three hours. Jos. W. Bream found Mr. Eichelberger's team at the side of the road and he was lying on the seat. After being removed home medical aid was summoned and he is much improved.

At the meeting of the Adams County Medical Society held in Gettysburg last Monday, a verbal report was submitted as to fees. According to the report the charges of the physicians will remain as heretofore, except that no office charge be less than 50 cents, that night rates after 9:30 o'clock should be twice the day rates and that after Jan. 1, 1906, confinement cases should be \$10.

Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Kohler, of Pitt street, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the York City Hospital several weeks ago, was brought to her home last week and will be able to be out and about in a very short time. Mr. Joseph Weaver, who underwent an operation at the same institution on last Monday a week, continues to improve nicely.

Mr. Howard Hoover, of Hamilton township, aged about 40 years, was twice stricken with paralysis on Sunday. Mr. Hoover had gone to the office of Dr. Spatz in Hampton, for some medicine, as he was not feeling very well. While in the doctor's office he was stricken and fell to the floor, but after some time was revived and removed to his home. His entire one side is effected, but at last accounts, tho' in a serious condition, he was slightly improved.

Mrs. Mary J. Smith, as Administratrix of the estate of the late Oliver A. Smith, on Saturday sold at public sale the following: The home property on Hanover street was purchased by Mrs. Smith on first bid of \$1800; the vacant lot on Pitt street was purchased by the Farmers & Merchants Bank at \$1,425. Theo. Warner purchased five shares of Farmers & Merchants Bank Stock at \$100.25 per share, also two shares at \$100 per share, three shares were sold to Wm. F. Sheely at \$100 per share.

Aaron Geiman, son of Samuel Geiman and wife, of Midway, who was placed in the York Hospital nine weeks ago for treatment for appendicitis, undergoing an operation several weeks ago, was brought home Monday evening by his parents, greatly improved.

Never growl if a newspaper fails to give every bit of news, so long as you take no pains to give the editor information. We have seen readers who are awfully put out at times because we make no mention of the arrival or departure of a friend visiting them, or of a social affair, or of the heaven-sent babies that visit their homes over night. The average newspaper man isn't a medium or a mind reader, but gets most of his news the same way the milkman gets his milk, by pumping.

The 24th annual convention of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the West Penna. Synod of the Lutheran church was held last week in Christ church, Gettysburg, convening Wednesday afternoon and closing Friday morning. About 175 delegates were present, including about 30 from the Young People's Societies and the Mission Band. At the final session Friday morning the committee for place of next meeting reported invitations received from York and New Oxford. The former was recommended.

Hymenial.

Oct. 14, by Rev. P. M. Spangler, John C. Nickoy and Beulah M. Albright, both of Hampton.

Oct. 15, by Rev. P. M. Spangler, Albert W. Nitchman, of Bermudian and Emma R. Link, of near East Berlin.

Oct. 12, at Newville, Pa., by Rev. F. T. Wheeler, Paul E. Spangler, formerly of East Berlin, to Miss Julia McCandlish, of Newville, Cumberland county.

Wednesday morning at the Presbyterian parsonage, Gettysburg, Rev. D. W. Woods, Jr., united in marriage George E. Dietrick and Jessie L. Spealman, both of York Springs.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, at the home of the bride Dr. J. A. Clutz performed the wedding ceremony for John Woodward and Bessie Kunkle, both of Gettysburg.

John F. Funk, of Hagerstown, a traveling salesman, and Miss Lillian W. Bomberger, of Bendersville, were married at the Presbyterian parsonage in Gettysburg, on Monday, by Rev. D. W. Woods, Jr.

At the home of the groom in Arendtsville, Rev. John G. Koser of Eglen, Md., and Miss Lula May Little of Gettysburg, were united in marriage by Rev. D. T. Koser, father of the groom, on Wednesday afternoon. They have gone to Eglen, where Mr. Koser is pastor of a Lutheran church.

Miss Edna Blanche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus G. Fissel, of Hanover, and Mr. Jesse W. Hoffman, of Harney, Md., were united in marriage Thursday, at twelve o'clock, at the home of the bride, No. 17 W. Middle street, Hanover. Mr. and Mrs. Fissel were formerly of this county and resided near Greenmount, five miles above Gettysburg.

Lecture Course.

The committee on the Lecture Course desires to inform the people of New Oxford and vicinity that they have secured five very good lectures for this coming season, and those who have not already subscribed will be called upon at an early date to do so if they wish. It is the desire of the committee to give everybody a chance to procure tickets for the season at \$1.50, making each lecture but 30c, where they will have an opportunity to see and hear some of the best talent on the stand today. The course will open on Nov. 16, with the "De Barrie Gill Combination" Harpists and Entertainers. On December the 14th Lou J. Beauchamp the comic lecturer on "The Humor, Pathos and Poetry of Every Day Life." In January you will hear Bishop C. C. McCabe on "The Light Side of Life in Libby Prison." February 24th Surrick Lincoln in "Pictorial Travelogue" assisted by Mrs. Lincoln, and on March 22nd we will have with us the Amphion Male Quartette, of Philadelphia. These people are worth hearing and to spend an evening listening to this talent should be a treat to every one in New Oxford. Most of the people that had subscribed last winter have again subscribed and the tickets will be on sale at an early date. Remember the chart for seats will be open at every lecture. The price of admission to a single lecture is 50c.

All clocks, watches and jewelry repairing done neatly and cheaply. Goods left with G. A. Klingel, New Oxford will be forwarded and promptly returned. PENROSE MYERS, Jeweler, Gettysburg, Pa.

Death's Doings.

Peter Baker, aged 71 years, of Cold Spring, a paralytic, died at the Alms House on Tuesday.

Mr. Daniel Cline died at his home near Storm's Store, Mountpleasant township, on last Tuesday, after a lingering illness from cancer of the stomach, aged 59 years, 10 months and 8 days. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Rickrode of West High street, this place. The funeral took place Friday morning, interment being made at Christ Church, near Littlestown, Rev. Lindaman officiating.

Miss Jennie Breighner died Friday evening, Oct. 20, about 6 o'clock, at the home of her step-mother Mrs. Richard Breighner, at Centennial, aged 28 years. Miss Breighner had been an invalid almost her entire lifetime, suffering from an affection of the spine. This was later complicated with tuberculosis, which caused her death. She was a daughter of the late Henry Breighner, and, besides her step-mother, is survived by two brothers Henry and Charles Breighner, both residing in the vicinity of Centennial.

Clinton, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Noel, of near Swope's school house, Mountpleasant township, died on Thursday afternoon, aged 6 months. Interment was made in the New Oxford cemetery at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, Rev. W. Hartman officiating.

Died in Baltimore Hospital.

Mrs. Annie, wife of Andrew Ramer, of Gettysburg, died Thursday morning at 5:50 o'clock in St. Joseph's Hospital Baltimore, to which place she had been taken on Tuesday by Dr. Hartman for treatment. Mr. Ramer left for Baltimore on the morning train and did not learn of his wife's death till he reached the hospital. The remains were brought to her late home in Gettysburg on the evening train.

About four weeks ago Mrs. Ramer accidentally fell while at work in the kitchen, gangrene setting in, resulting in her death.

She leaves four small children, two boys and two girls, the oldest 8 years and the youngest 8 weeks of age. Her husband, her mother, living at Fairfield, and one brother, also survive. She would have been 30 years old, had she lived until the 10th of next month.

Died Suddenly.

Mrs. Eliza Jane Deatruck, wife of Mr. Boreas Deatruck, died suddenly at her home in Hunterstown about 9 o'clock on Friday evening. Mrs. Deatruck retired about 8 o'clock in her usual health, but some time later awakened her husband and complained of not feeling well. Dr. Goldsborough was summoned but his services were of no avail, as she passed peacefully away a few minutes after his arrival, death being due to heart failure. She was aged 73 years, 6 months and 8 days. Deceased was born in Mountpleasant township, a daughter of Abraham Reaver. She was married to Mr. Deatruck about 54 years ago, and the family has resided since that time in Hunterstown. Her husband and the following children survive: Larua, at home, Wil'm, of South Dakota, Harry and Frank, of Hunterstown, and Charles E., the present Prothonotary at Gettysburg. Two sisters also survive, Mrs. Charlott Weaver and Miss Kate Reaver, of Muncie, Ind. Her remains were laid to rest at 11 a. m., Monday, in beautiful black broadcloth casket, in the Presbyterian cemetery, Rev. S. P. Mauger officiating. The pallbearers were J. W. Taughinbaugh, J. L. Taughinbaugh, Peter Decker, P. W. Bream, E. W. Goldsborough and W. A. Tate. The high esteem in which deceased was held in the community was shown by the large number of people who came to show their last respects.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George F. Slagle, of Oxford township, is on a visit to friends at Quarryville, Lancaster county.

Mr. Alex. H. Rebert, of Mt. Joy township, one of the Democratic candidates for County Commissioner, was looking up his interest in this place and vicinity on Friday and paid this office a brief visit. Mr. Rebert is one of the leading and most influential citizens of his township, and should be elected we believe would make a good and economical official.

John D. Keith, Esq., of Gettysburg, Republican candidate for District Attorney, gave us an appreciated call Saturday morning. Mr. Keith is a hustler and will poll a large vote in this section.

Rev. Gen. A. Livingston, wife and son, of York, spent several days the latter part of last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Livingston, near town.

Dr. Wm. Ruff and wife, of Philadelphia, spent several days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Ruff, Carlisle street.

Miss Mariah Kelm, of Philadelphia street, spent some time at Bradley Beach, N. J.

Mr. E. C. Kahlbaugh, station agent at Hampstead, Md., visited his sister, Mrs. Rosa Spahr, near town over Sunday.

Mr. Geo. B. Colestock, of Abbotstown, Republican candidate for Sheriff, gave us a pleasant call on Tuesday. Mr. Colestock is a strong candidate and will poll a rousing big vote in this part of the county where he is best known, which is the best of evidence of his worth.

A Few From McSherrystown.

Randall Lebo, of Lebanon, was arrested at Steelton on Monday by Constable Silas Bailey, on a warrant issued by Squire V. H. Lilly, the offence being of a serious nature preferred by Miss Mazie McSherry, of this place. The accused was held at Steelton until the arrival of Constable Dougherty, who brought him here Tuesday evening. The case was settled before the District Attorney of Adams county, Wednesday.

F. V. Topper, the barber, who was threatened with appendicitis, is now out of danger and is greatly improved.

Edward J. Topper, of South street, has been waiting until all the pumpkin stories have been turned in to make his report, which is as follows: Two vines in his yard yielded 20 pumpkins, weighing in the aggregate 1,000 pounds. The largest measured 6 feet 2 inches in circumference and weighed 116 pounds.

Mrs. George F. Bender of this place, and Miss Mary Strack of York, visited friends at New Oxford Monday.

Mrs. Weldon J. Hemler has returned from Baltimore, where she underwent an operation at the City Hospital. Mrs. Hemler was cordially greeted by her many friends.

Joseph H. Hemler is erecting a frame barn 26x28 feet on the rear of his lot on Ridge Ave.

Hugh J. Colgan on Saturday sold at public sale the farm of the late Francis Colgan, near Irishtown, containing 26 acres and 85 perches, to John F. Klunk, of Irishtown, for \$1330.

Bishop Mills of Pennsylvania conference of the United Brethren church, on Sunday appointed Rev. C. E. Snake to occupy the Gettysburg and Granito pulpits. He will succeed Rev. S. L. Rice.

Only one, but a big one. Mr. W. F. Sheely caught in the Conowago Creek, at Hoover's, on Tuesday, the largest bass brought to town this season. It measured 19 inches in length and weighed 3½ pounds.

FOR RENT.—Dwelling and Store-room in New Chester. Possession given April 1, 1906. For particulars call on or address C. H. MYERS, New Oxford.

October 19, in Mountpleasant township, Glenn Walter, infant son of Joseph and Delta Noel, aged 5 months, 2 weeks and 1 day.

Little Glennie was our darling,
Pride of all our hearts and home;
But an angel came and whispered,
"Little Glennie, do come home!"

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church will hold their Annual Supper November 10th and 11th. 10-6

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 78
No. 2 ".....75
Raked ".....50
Rye.....48 @ 60
Corn.....38 @ 40
Oats.....22 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....8 @ 10
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 10 00
Timothy hay.....6 00 @ 8 00

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU
A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

'Twill All Come Right in the Morning.

'Twill all come right in the morning;
There's never a night so black,
But following after the shadows,
The sun is on its track;
And whatever there is of sorrow,
And hatred's bitter scolding,
We have no need to borrow—
'Twill all come right in the morning.
—From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

'Twill all come right in the morning;
For ever the truth will rise;
And ever the coward error,
Before her coming flies;
So whatever there is of trouble,
Or falsehood's cruel scolding,
When justice pricks the bubble,
'Twill all come right in the morning.
—From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

THE DRUGGIST'S DILEMMA

HUBERT WATKINS, chemist and druggist "by examination," was usually characterized by people who had more than a shop-counter acquaintance with him as "fussy," and indeed a close student of human nature could hardly have purchased a cake of soap from the trim little man without registering mentally some such epithet. Spare and spectacled, with a drooping mustache and a half-apologetic air, he conveyed the impression of being in a perpetual state of subdued anxiety. Perhaps the cause was to be found in the reputation for counter-prescribing he had built up during the ten years he had been in business—a reputation which, on the principle of noblesse oblige, could not fail to make him feel at least as old as he was; perhaps it lay in the fact that his returns were not quite large enough to justify so cautious a man in keeping an assistant; perhaps again it was connected with the dominance of a masterful wife.

But whatever the cause, the effect was plain—Hubert Watkins showed to the world a careworn countenance. And on a certain day his habitual expression was more marked than usual, for he had a cold. It was not a dangerous, nor even a severe cold—the use of a clinical thermometer selected from his stock soon settled that point—but it was bad enough to cause a snuffle in his speech, and he was fretfully apprehensive that his customers, perceiving it, would begin to doubt the efficacy of medicines in general and of his in particular.

It must have been the harassing effect of his cold that resulted in his making a terrible mistake. In all his honorable career he had never been known to go astray in deciphering a prescription, and, having had a thorough training in dispensing, he had made his name in the little town of Burghmore as the best, or, as he would have said, the most elegant dispenser therein. The writing of the local doctors had naturally become familiar to him, and if a prescription from a strange hand was brought to him could almost always master its hieroglyphics.

Just after noon on the day in question Dr. Crabbe, a practitioner who patronized him, handed over the counter a prescription which Mr. Watkins, as was his wont, received with the brief ritual of a bow and a "Thank you, doctor!" Then, taking in the patient's name and the directions at a glance, he murmured, "Every four hours, I see; I'll send it at once." Dr. Crabbe, a massive personage with a preoccupied air, briefly ejaculated, "Thank you," and went his way.

Now it chanced that the prescription was written for a patient, Miss Purfleet by name, for whom Mr. Watkins had a peculiar esteem. She was not only the most influential member of the choir chapel which the Watkinses attended, but she was distinguished from her colleagues by a pretty figure set off by a taste in dress that in a more worldly milieu would have been called coquettish. Mr. Watkins' regard for her was of the palest platonic order—the application to her of such a word as "coquettish" would have moved him to grief—but, strictly disinterested though it was, he would never have dreamed of mentioning it to his wife. If that lady's all-embracing scrutiny happened to result in her pronouncing, on the way back from Sunday morning service, she being a yard or so in front of her spouse—"Miss Purfleet was pretty well got up this morning," he would discreetly reply "Ah, yes!" and give no further sign. It was the one secret which he hoped he did right—he shared with no one; and, although the force of his sentiment would not have disturbed a bit of floating gossip, he cherished the feeling assiduously, marking with a tick in red ink on the calendar over his desk the days on which Miss Purfleet set her gracious foot inside his shop.

Just as he was stooping to a locker in which medicine bottles were kept to select the smartest looking, Mrs. Watkins called peremptorily from a half-opener door at the back of the shop: "Dinner, hub!"

"One moment only, lovey!" he meekly responded, feeling that it was a trifle unfortunate that he should be obliged to hurry so sacred a task as the preparation of a mixture for the exquisite singer. Disastrous hurry! For, reading in his haste "Tinct. Opil." for what was really "Tinct. Quin." the "Q" being very indistinct—he poured into the bottle an ounce of tincture of opium in place of an equal quantity of tincture of quinine.

Summoning his errand boy from the cellar in which that hireling had been cutting sticks of licorice—and incidentally his finger—Mr. Watkins despatched the bottle, addressed in spite of his hurry not less neatly than usual. Then, leaving the bell of his shop-door "on," he obeyed the summons of his wife, who by that time had become ominously ruffled by his non-appearance.

During the meal Mr. Watkins' thoughts naturally reverted to the fair patient to whose restoration to health he hoped to—

Good heavens! How many doses was that ounce of tinct. opil. divided into? Mr. Watkins sprang to his feet in a cold perspiration.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Watkins, sharply, not without a tinge of anxiety, for such behavior on her husband's part was quite unprecedented.

"Nothing," murmured the unfortunate druggist, growing paler and paler. "That is—I've forgotten something."

He rushed into the shop, and, having closed the door behind him, groaned aloud.

Reaching his desk, he tore the prescription from the file on which he had left it, and stared at it distractedly. Then some vestige of reason returned to him, and on a sheet of blotting-paper he made a pencilled calculation of the amount of tincture of opium in each dose.

"The first dose may not be fatal—may not be fatal," he said aloud, and he hastened to prepare at emetic.

Luckily the distance to Miss Purfleet's house was not great, and the boy, even allowing for the snail-like habits of his kind, would be back soon. He did, in fact, appear while Mr. Watkins, with trembling fingers, was writing a label—"Half to be taken at once, the rest in ten minutes if no result follows." By this time other problems had crowded into his perturbed brain, his head felt like bursting. He knew that susceptibility to opium varied enormously with different persons, though the chances were that Miss Purfleet, taking the emetic at once, would not have absorbed sufficient of the poison to—He dared not dwell on the horrible thought.

Then how was he to explain the mistake to her; and, again, how was he to keep it from the knowledge of Dr. Crabbe? If that redoubtable patron got to know of it—as it was quite likely he would—the reputation of Mr. Watkins, so laboriously built up, would be blasted forever. Instinctively he looked round the shop, holding the now wrapped and addressed bottle in his hand, till his glance fell on the wondering errand boy.

"Tom," he almost shouted, "run with this to Miss Purfleet's as hard as you can! Say it ought to have gone before the other, and that a dose is to be taken at once!" Then come back—I've a telegram for you!"

"A telegram?" queried Mrs. Watkins, at that moment appearing from the house. "Come and finish your dinner!"

"I tell you I can't be bothered!" said her husband, snappishly.

Mrs. Watkins gasped; the errand boy grinned. Never had such a thing happened before. Then, recovering herself, the lady thundered, "Go, boy, when your master tells you!" and withdrew, slamming the door.

The telegram was a brilliant inspiration—the most brilliant, perhaps, that had ever come to Mr. Watkins in the whole of his professional career. Reading one of his trade journals—he subscribed to three—that morning, he had seen an advertisement that had aroused his interest. It related to a new general antidote, for which it was claimed that it would completely neutralize, or even in the worst cases sensibly modify, the action of every known poison. Mr. Watkins, as became a man of scientific training, had said to himself that the idea was medieval and almost incredible. But now, in his hour of need, he thanked the happy Providence that had directed him to read that advertisement. That he had been specially guided to read it he had no shadow of doubt, and what a blessing it was that London, whence it came, was only thirty miles away! He wrote the telegram in terms of the greatest urgency, asking for full instructions to be sent with the nostrum.

On the reappearance of the boy he pelted him with questions—"Whom did you see? What did they say?" and the like.

The boy had an incurable stammer; it was some seconds—Mr. Watkins it seemed hours—before he got out, "Miss P-Purfleet d-d-didn't come to—the-door—herself," the last part of the sentence being discharged as out of a catapit.

Mr. Watkins' rage was boundless. "I know that, fool! What did you learn?"

"L-I-learn?" "What—did—they—tell you?" The shout attracted Mrs. Watkins, who loomed in the doorway more massive than ever.

"N-n-nothing. I g-g-gave the—" "Here, take this telegram! And then wait at the station for a parcel by the next London train!"

"Another telegram!" cried Mrs. Watkins. "I insist—"

"Do leave me!" almost shrieked the frenzied druggist. "Can't you see—I'll tell you everything later, indeed I will!"

Mrs. Watkins stared, reflected, and then, to the wonder of her husband, who was beginning to tremble at his own audacity, slowly turned and retreated.

An hour and a half passed before the all-important parcel arrived from London, and the boy, in handing it to his employer, who was pacing the floor of his shop like a caged lion, thought it desirable to say.

"I haven't l-l-lost a—minute."

But Mr. Watkins was already tearing the parcel open. With eager eyes he began reading the directions, distinguishable at once by their heavy type. "Select a fleshy part of the body—sterilize the syringe by—" caught his eye. The paper dropped from his hand. The stuff had to be injected under Miss Purfleet's skin, then? He was lost!

But yet in such an emergency could not she, if she had not already collapsed, be instructed how to use the antidote herself? He would take it to the house—a desperate case demanded desperate measures—and ask leave to tell her the truth. She would not refuse to see him; at the worst, she would let him speak to her through the half-opened door of her room. Unless she had sent for the doctor—and his blood ran cold again at the thought. He mixed himself a dose of sal-volatile.

Then he put on his hat and rushed out, telling the boy, whom he had never left in charge of the shop before, that he would soon be back. Before two minutes had elapsed the youth's researches in the drawer labeled "Sem. Hyosc.," which, as he knew, contained digestive candy, were interrupted by the reappearance of Mrs. Watkins.

"Where's your master?" demanded that lady, in no happy humor at reflecting that her husband's henchman had witnessed her recent discomfiture.

"I-th-th-thing he's gone to—" Mrs. Watkins shook the boy in angry incredulity.

"Gone out—without telling me! How dare you utter such foolishness!"

Thoroughly alarmed, the deputy druggist managed to disclose the information—which was nothing more than conjecture on his part—that his chief had gone to the house of Miss Purfleet. He inwardly wondered whether it would have been better for him to have held his tongue.

The face of the predominant partner of the Watkins establishment was a study. Naturally jealous, she had been acute enough to foresee that in marrying Hubert Watkins she obtained a husband whom it would probably not be difficult to "keep in order." But now that, after his mysterious conduct about telegrams, he had "sneaked out" (so she phrased it to herself), leaving his business to the tender mercies of an ignorant and as good as speechless youth, she feared—she knew not what. It was an ominous sign, the worst sign possible that the over-dressed Miss Purfleet should be a party to the intrigue—for that there was an intrigue afloat she had now made up her mind. She ran upstairs and arrayed herself in her most imposing finery, then sailed majestically out in search of her husband.

Meanwhile that much-enduring man had arrived at the dwelling of the innocent victim of his error and had timidly rung the bell. To his fervent "And how is Miss Purfleet?" the well-trained maid servant returned a discreet but slightly puzzled "Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Watkins. Shall I give her any message?"

"Is she—is she dangerously ill?" he rejoined, inconsequently, crushing his hand felt hat with a loud crash between his hands.

"I think not," replied the girl, demurely, biting her lips.

"Then can I see her?"

"I'll give her your card."

Thus reminded, the druggist took one from a card case, adding:

"And please say it's very important."

A minute later he was in the dreaded presence, stammering almost as egregiously as his errand could have done. She was a little pale, but he saw that the worst was over, and his natural cunning began to come to his help.

"I wanted to—tell you that—there has been a—little mistake in your medicines, Miss Purfleet, that might have been—serious."

Miss Purfleet raised her eyebrows. "Oh, you mean that the second bottle should not have been sent first, after all?" she queried, with the intention of helping him out.

"Yes—no—that is—how much have you taken of—"

"You see them both there," interrupted Miss Purfleet, pointing to the mantelpiece and speaking rather more stiffly. She was beginning to think that the man had no tact.

Hubert Watkins gave an audible gasp as he followed her indication. One dose of the emetic had been taken, but the opium mixture was untouched.

"The dose I took," pursued Miss Purfleet, "made me downright bad, so I thought I wouldn't touch either again till I had seen Crabbe."

A moment later Mr. Watkins had put both bottles in his pocket. His professional manner had returned to him.

"If, for my sake, Miss Purfleet, you will allow me instead to rectify the slight mistake of which I spoke I shall ever be deeply indebted to you, believe me," he pleaded. "If you knew the anxiety—" But his agitation again mastered him.

"Oh, very well!" said Miss Purfleet with decision. "But it's a rather cool request on your part, isn't it?"

To her astonishment the little druggist took her right hand and raised it to his lips. The next moment he rushed from the room. Before she had quite recovered herself she heard the front door close gently.

As he turned away from the garden gate Hubert Watkins, chemist and druggist "by examination," ran into the arms of his wife.

"And now," vociferated that virago, "perhaps you'll explain!"

But in the last five minutes the storm-beaten druggist had found himself, and now, with a single word, he broke the spell of his tyrant's long dominion. For the first time in his life he used language unbecoming a gentleman and a chemist "by examination."—The Family-Herald of London.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Saying and doing are two things.—Henry.

For pity melts the mind to love.—Dryden.

Second thoughts, they say, are best.—Dryden.

For hope is but the dream of those who wake.—Prior.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.—Young.

Man makes a death which nature never made.—Young.

Better it is to be able to make friends than to build up finances.

The modern conscience is made with a lever to throw it out of gear.

Sacrifice always looks most attractive when it is too late to give it.

It is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.—Swift.

As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Tarantula-Killing Wasps.

The tarantula-killer is a bustling, unquiet creature. When running on the ground its wings vibrate continuously. When it sights its prey it flies in circles around it. The tarantula trembles violently; now runs and hides; now, rising rampant, shows signs of fight. The watchful huntress finds a favorable moment, darts upon its victim with curved body, and thrusts in its sting, if possible, into the soft abdomen. Often the spider is at once paralyzed, but a second and even a third wound is sometimes necessary. The victor seizes its motionless prey with its jaws and drags it to a hole previously dug. She thrusts it in, deposits an egg upon it, and covers it up. In this case the bulk of the tarantula insures sufficient food for the offspring, and one alone is provided, as seems to be the case with the cicada-storing wasps. But the mud-dauber and her ilk, which select small prey, garner many, rarely sealing a cell ere it is quite full.—H. C. McCook, in Harper's Magazine.

The Help.

On most farms there must be some hired help. There are many points to be considered in this matter.

The person who smokes in working about the outbuildings is likely to lead to their destruction by fire; the ill-tempered kind will be apt to do more damage to the cows and horses on the place than the amount of his pay; the drone, the drag, annoys the vigorous farmer beyond all powers of patience; the immoral character corrupts the children. This matter of assistance in farming is one of the great problems of the business. The people best fitted for the work do not usually remain in the hired state very long. They save and soon are in a position to act for themselves.

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What St. George's Day is to Britain, what Dominion Day is to Canada, and what Independence Day is to the American Republic, is August 10 to the Yukon. It was on that day nine years ago that Skookum Jim washed out his famous pan on Rabbit Creek, whose result was the bringing of thousands of people to the country and the enriching the world by \$120,000,000 in gold.—Yukon World.

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

Lumley is still the best hitter on the Brooklyn team.

Every home run on the St. Louis grounds is good for a new hat.

Ball players and critics agree that Matthewson never had a better season.

The Rochester Club has secured first baseman Clancy from the Pittsburgh Club.

The Brooklyn Club has signed pitcher Pastorius, of Albany, for 1905-06 at his terms.

Ames, of the New Yorks, has fanned more batsmen than any other twirler in the National League.

Jack Ryder, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, sticks to it that there will be a consolidation of the National and American leagues.

During Wolverton's absence the Boston National Club tried out a Dorchester amateur, third baseman Strohl, captain of Mechanics' Art School for two years.

William Goode, the new left-handed pitcher of the New York Nationals, stands five feet eleven inches and in condition weighs 170 pounds. He lives in Leedsdale, Pa.

McGinnity comes the nearest of any of McGraw's pitchers to being a veteran, and he is not on the shelf by any means. McGinnity, Matthewson, Taylor, Ames, Elliott and Witte are good for a great deal of future service.

Hinchmen, of Williamsport, is a finished player, and his friends up State say he is sure to make his mark in the National League next season. He makes an ideal utility player, and has played with credit almost every position for the Lumbermen.

Frank Chance is proving a worthy successor to Selee as manager of the Chicago National Club. Chicago fans think Chance classes with Lajoie and Wagner as a hitter, and is better than either of these recognized stars in base running and fielding.

GRAVIES.

There is nothing that adds so much to a dinner for so small cost as do good gravies, and there is nothing less palatable than a bad gravy. One must have stock, or glace, to begin with, and the only way to get this is to be forever on the lookout for any bit of meat that can be boiled. Many a hardworking woman will take her corn beef from the pot and, after skimming the grease from it, throw away the wafer left in the pot. This is the poorest economy. The contents of the kettle should be poured into a stone jar, and any meat remaining after the meal should be put into it. All boiled or stewed meats, ham or beef, should be treated in this way. After the grease has been skimmed from the top and the meat used, this stock should be boiled down to a jelly, and this jelly will keep for weeks in winter, or for several days in summer, with a thin layer of grease covering the top, if set away in a cool place. Having this glace on hand, one has but to thicken it with brown flour to have a nice gravy. To prepare the browned flour, sift and spread flour over the bottom of dipping pans and brown on the stove or in the oven, stirring constantly to prevent it scorching. Prepare quite a quantity at a time and keep in closed cans. With different flavors, many delicious gravies may be made of this stock.

'Twill All Come Right in the Morning.

'Twill all come right in the morning;
There's never a night so black,
But following after the shadows,
The sun is on its track;
And whatever there is of sorrow,
And hatred's bitter scorning,
We have no need to borrow—
'Twill all come right in the morning.

—From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

'Twill all come right in the morning;
For ever the truth will rise;
And ever the coward error,
Before her coming flies;
So whatever there is of trouble,
Or falsehood's cruel scorning,
When justice pricks the bubble,
'Twill all come right in the morning.

—From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

THE DRUGGIST'S DILEMMA

HUBERT WATKINS, chemist and druggist "by examination," was usually characterized by people who had more than a shop-counter acquaintance with him as "fussy," and indeed a close student of human nature could hardly have purchased a cake of soap from the trim little man without registering mentally some such epithet. Spare and spectacled, with a drooping mustache and a half-apologetic air, he conveyed the impression of being in a perpetual state of subdued anxiety. Perhaps the cause was to be found in the reputation for counter-prescribing he had built up during the ten years he had been in business—a reputation which, on the principle of noblesse oblige, could not fail to make him feel at least as old as he was; perhaps it lay in the fact that his returns were not quite large enough to justify so cautious a man in keeping an assistant; perhaps again it was connected with the dominance of a masterful wife.

But whatever the cause, the effect was plain—Hubert Watkins showed to the world a careworn countenance. And on a certain day his habitual expression was more marked than usual, for he had a cold. It was not a dangerous, nor even a severe cold—the use of a clinical thermometer selected from his stock soon settled that point—but it was bad enough to cause a snuffle in his speech, and he was fretfully apprehensive that his customers, perceiving it, would begin to doubt the efficacy of medicines in general and of his in particular.

It must have been the harassing effect of his cold that resulted in his making a terrible mistake. In all his honorable career he had never been known to go astray in deciphering a prescription, and, having had a thorough training in dispensing, he had made his name in the little town of Burgmore as the best, or, as he would have said, the most elegant dispenser therein. The writing of the local doctors had naturally become familiar to him, and if a prescription from a strange hand was brought to him could almost always master its hieroglyphics.

Just after noon on the day in question Dr. Crabbe, a practitioner who patronized him, handed over the counter a prescription which Mr. Watkins, as was his wont, received with the brief ritual of a bow and a "Thank you, doctor!" Then, taking in the patient's name and the directions at a glance, he murmured, "Every four hours, I see; I'll send it at once." Dr. Crabbe, a massive personage with a preoccupied air, briefly ejaculated, "Thank you," and went his way.

Now it chanced that the prescription was written for a patient, Miss Purfleet by name, for whom Mr. Watkins had a peculiar esteem. She was not only the most influential member of the choir chapel which the Watkinses attended, but she was distinguished from her colleagues by a pretty figure set off by a taste in dress that in a more worldly milieu would have been called coquettish. Mr. Watkins' regard for her was of the palest platonic order—the application to her of such a word as "coquettish" would have moved him to grief—but, strictly disinterested though it was, he would never have dreamed of mentioning it to his wife. If that lady's all-embracing scrutiny happened to result in her pronouncing, on the way back from Sunday morning service, she being a yard or so in front of her spouse—"Miss Purfleet was pretty well got up this morning," he would discreetly reply "Ah, yes!" and give no further sign. It was the one secret which he hoped he did right—he shared with no one; and, although the force of his sentiment would not have disturbed a bit of floating gossip, he cherished the feeling assiduously, marking with a tick in red ink on the calendar over his desk the days on which Miss Purfleet set her gracious foot inside his shop.

Just as he was stooping to a locker in which medicine bottles were kept to select the smartest looking, Mrs. Watkins called peremptorily from a half-opener door at the back of the shop:

"Dinner, hub!"

"One moment only, lovey!" he meekly responded, feeling that it was a trifle unfortunate that he should be obliged to hurry so sacred a task as the preparation of a mixture for the exquisite singer. Disastrous hurry! For, reading in his haste "Tinct. Opil." for what was really "Tinct. Quin." the "Q" being very indistinct—he poured into the bottle an ounce of tincture of opium in place of an equal quantity of tincture of quinine.

Summoning his errand boy from the cellar in which that herring had been cutting sticks of licorice—and incidentally his finger—Mr. Watkins despatched the bottle, addressed in spite of his hurry not less neatly than usual. Then, leaving the bell of his shop-door "on," he obeyed the summons of his wife, who by that time had become ominously ruffled by his non-appearance.

During the meal Mr. Watkins' thoughts naturally reverted to the fair patient to whose restoration to health he hoped to—

Good heavens! How many doses was that ounce of tinct. opil. divided into? Mr. Watkins sprang to his feet in a cold perspiration.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Watkins, sharply, not without a tinge of anxiety, for such behavior on her husband's part was quite unprecedented.

"Nothing," murmured the unfortunate druggist, growing paler and paler. "That is—I've forgotten something."

He rushed into the shop, and, having closed the door behind him, groaned aloud.

Reaching his desk, he tore the prescription from the file on which he had left it, and stared at it distractedly. Then some vestige of reason returned to him, and on a sheet of blotting-paper he made a penciled calculation of the amount of tincture of opium in each dose.

"The first dose may not be fatal—may not be fatal," he said aloud, and he hastened to prepare an emetic.

Luckily the distance to Miss Purfleet's house was not great, and the boy, even allowing for the small-like habits of his kind, would be back soon. He did, in fact, appear while Mr. Watkins, with trembling fingers, was writing a label—"Half to be taken at once, the rest in ten minutes if no result follows." By this time other problems had crowded into his perturbed brain, his head felt like bursting. He knew that that susceptibility to opium varied enormously with different persons, though the chances were that Miss Purfleet, taking the emetic at once, would not have absorbed sufficient of the poison to—He dared not dwell on the horrible thought.

Then how was he to explain the mistake to her; and, again, how was he to keep it from the knowledge of Dr. Crabbe? If that redoubtable patron got to know of it—as it was quite likely he would—the reputation of Mr. Watkins, so laboriously built up, would be blasted forever. Instinctively he looked round the shop, holding the now wrapped and addressed bottle in his hand, till his glance fell on the wondering errand boy.

"Tom," he almost shouted, "run with this to Miss Purfleet's as hard as you can! Say it ought to have gone before the other, and that a dose is to be taken at once!" Then come back—I've a telegram for you!"

"A telegram?" queried Mrs. Watkins, at that moment appearing from the house. "Come and finish your dinner!"

"I tell you I can't be bothered!" said her husband, snappishly.

Mrs. Watkins gasped; the errand boy grinned. Never had such a thing happened before. Then, recovering herself, the lady thundered, "Go, boy, when your master tells you!" and withdrew, slamming the door.

The telegram was a brilliant inspiration—the most brilliant, perhaps, that had ever come to Mr. Watkins in the whole of his professional career. Reading one of his trade journals—he subscribed to three—that morning, he had seen an advertisement that had aroused his interest. It related to a new general antidote, for which it was claimed that it would completely neutralize, or even in the worst cases sensibly modify, the action of every known poison. Mr. Watkins, as became a man of scientific training, had said to himself that the idea was medieval and almost incredible. But now, in his hour of need, he thanked the happy Providence that had directed him to read that advertisement. That he had been specially guided to read it he had no shadow of doubt, and what a blessing it was that London, whence it came, was only thirty miles away! He wrote the telegram in terms of the greatest urgency, asking for full instructions to be sent with the nostrum.

On the reappearance of the boy he pelted him with questions—"Whom did you see? What did they say?" and the like.

The boy had an incurable stammer; it was some seconds—to Mr. Watkins it seemed hours—before he got out, "Miss P-P-Purfleet d-d-didn't come to—the-door—herself," the last part of the sentence being discharged as out of a catapit.

Mr. Watkins' rage was boundless. "I know that, fool! What did you learn?"

"L-learn?"

"What—did—they—tell you?" The shout attracted Mrs. Watkins, who loomed in the doorway more massive than ever.

"N-nothing. I g-g-gave the—"

"Here, take this telegram! And then wait at the station for a parcel by the next London train!"

"Another telegram?" cried Mrs. Watkins. "I insist—"

"Do leave me!" almost shrieked the frenzied druggist. "Can't you see—I'll tell you everything later, indeed I will!"

Mrs. Watkins stared, reflected, and then, to the wonder of her husband, who was beginning to tremble at his own audacity, slowly turned and retreated.

An hour and a half passed before the all-important parcel arrived from London, and the boy, in handing it to his employer, who was pacing the floor of his shop like a caged lion, thought it desirable to say.

"I haven't l-l-l-o-s-t a—minute."

But Mr. Watkins was already tearing the parcel open. With eager eyes he began reading the directions, distinguishable at once by their heavy type. "Select a fleshy part of the body—sterilize the syringe by—" caught his eye. The paper dropped from his hand. The stuff had to be injected under Miss Purfleet's skin, then? He was lost!

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

Lumley is still the best hitter on the Brooklyn team.

Every home run on the St. Louis grounds is good for a new hat.

Ball players and critics agree that Matthewson never had a better season.

The Rochester Club has secured first baseman Clancy from the Pittsburgh Club.

The Brooklyn Club has signed pitcher Pastorius, of Albany, for 1905-06 at his terms.

Ames, of the New Yorks, has fanned more batsmen than any other twirler in the National League.

Jack Ryder, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, sticks to it that there will be a consolidation of the National and American leagues.

During Wolverton's absence the Boston National Club tried out a Dorchester amateur, third baseman Strohl, captain of Mechanics' Art School for two years.

William Goode, the new left-handed pitcher of the New York Nationals, stands five feet eleven inches and in condition weighs 170 pounds. He lives in Leedsdale, Pa.

McGinnity comes the nearest of any of McGraw's pitchers to being a veteran, and he is not on the shelf by any means. McGinnity, Matthewson, Taylor, Ames, Elliott and Wiltse are good for a great deal of future service.

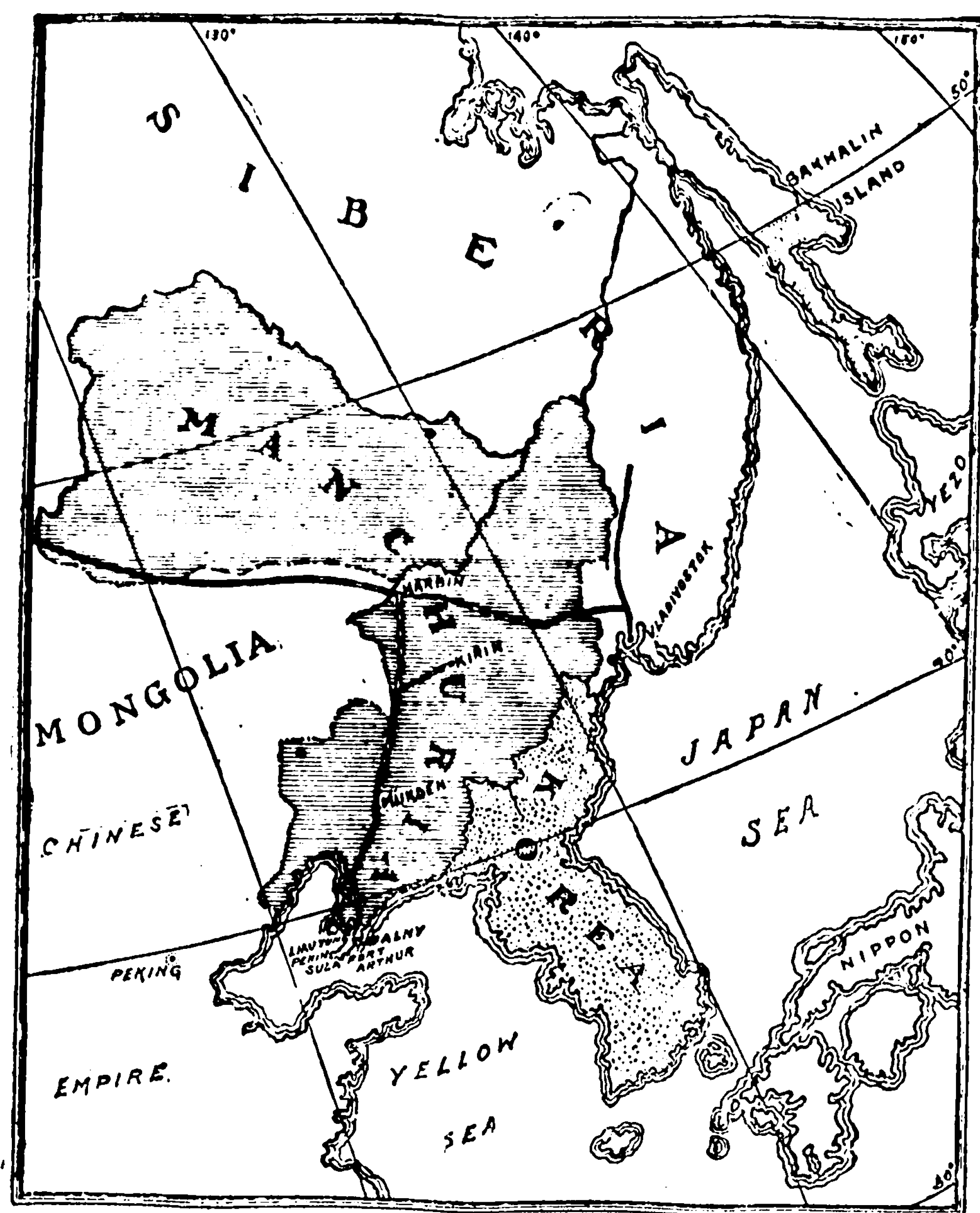
Hinchmen, of Williamsport, is a finished player, and his friends up State say he is sure to make his mark in the National League next season. He makes an ideal utility player, and has played with credit almost every position for the Lumbermen.

Frank Chance is proving a worthy successor to Selee as manager of the Chicago National Club. Chicago fans think Chance classes with Lajoie and Wagner as a hitter, and is better than either of these recognized stars in base running and fielding.

GRAVIES.

There is nothing that adds so much to a dinner for so small cost as do good gravies, and there is nothing less palatable than a bad gravy. One must have stock, or glace, to begin with, and the only way to get this is to be forever on the lookout for any bit of meat that can be boiled. Many a hardworking woman will take her corn beef from the pot and, after skimming the grease from it, throw away the water left in the pot. This is the poorest economy. The contents of the kettle should be poured into a stone jar, and any meat remaining after the meal should be put into it. All boiled or stewed meats, ham or beef, should be treated in this way. After the grease has been skimmed from the top and the meat used, this stock should be boiled down to a jelly, and this jelly will keep for weeks in winter, or for several days in summer, with a thin layer of grease covering the top, if set away in a cool place. Having this glace on hand, one has but to thicken it with brown flour to have a nice gravy. To prepare the browned flour, sift and spread flour over the bottom of dipping pans and brown on the stove or in the oven, stirring constantly to prevent it scorching. Prepare quite a quantity at a time and keep in closed cans. With different flavors, many delicious gravies may be made of this stock.

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR AND THE TERRITORY ACQUIRED BY JAPAN.



—From the Independent.
The horizontally-shaded portion of the map shows the vast area of Manchuria which Russia returns to China. The other shaded portions show the southern half of Sakhalin which will belong to Japan, and Korea, which passes under Japanese control. The Liaotung Peninsula with Port Arthur and Dalny are transferred to Japan.

MARIA MITCHELL'S HOME.

The old house in Nantucket where Maria Mitchell was born is probably the only house on this continent which is preserved on account of being the birthplace of a woman.

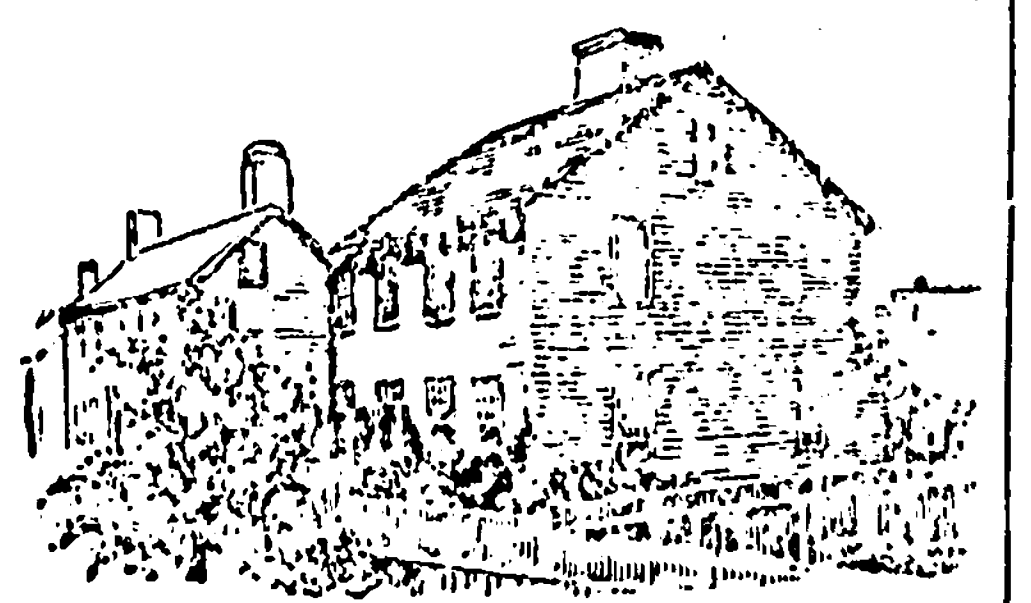
The Maria Mitchell Association was formed three years ago, has purchased the house, installed an admirable curator in it, and is making a collection there of objects which belonged to Miss Mitchell, of the flora and fauna of Nantucket, and of books of science.

Maria Mitchell was born in 1818. The house where the family lived on Vestal street, Nantucket, was a square one, with a huge central chimney. There was a small, lean-to kitchen, and a back yard of fair size, as well as a front yard, with beds of old-fashioned flowers.

Mr. Mitchell was an enthusiastic astronomer, and his children were early taught to count seconds for him by the chronometer, and to consider the study of the heavens the most interesting possible. In the little back yard he had his sextant, and here were brought to him for adjustment the chronometers of the whaling ships of the town.

At the time of the eclipse of the sun in 1831 the window was taken out of the little parlor, the telescope mounted in front of it, and with the twelve-year-old Maria counting the seconds, Mr. Mitchell observed the eclipse. Fifty-four years later she counted the seconds again, while her class of eager girls at Vassar College observed an eclipse.

On the evening of October 1, 1847, Maria slipped away from guests in the



parlor of the old house and ran up to the telescope on the roof. Presently she came hurrying down to tell her father that she thought she had discovered a comet. With the slow communication of those days it was long before she could be sure that hers had been the first eye to see it; but so it proved. The King of Denmark, sixteen years before, had offered a gold medal to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet. He had died, but his son, Frederick VII., fulfilled his father's promise, and in due time the medal came over the sea to the young astronomer. It forms a curious link between the Old World enthusiasm for science and the New World woman, who treasured a tribute from a King in her three-by-four study on the second floor of the Nantucket house.

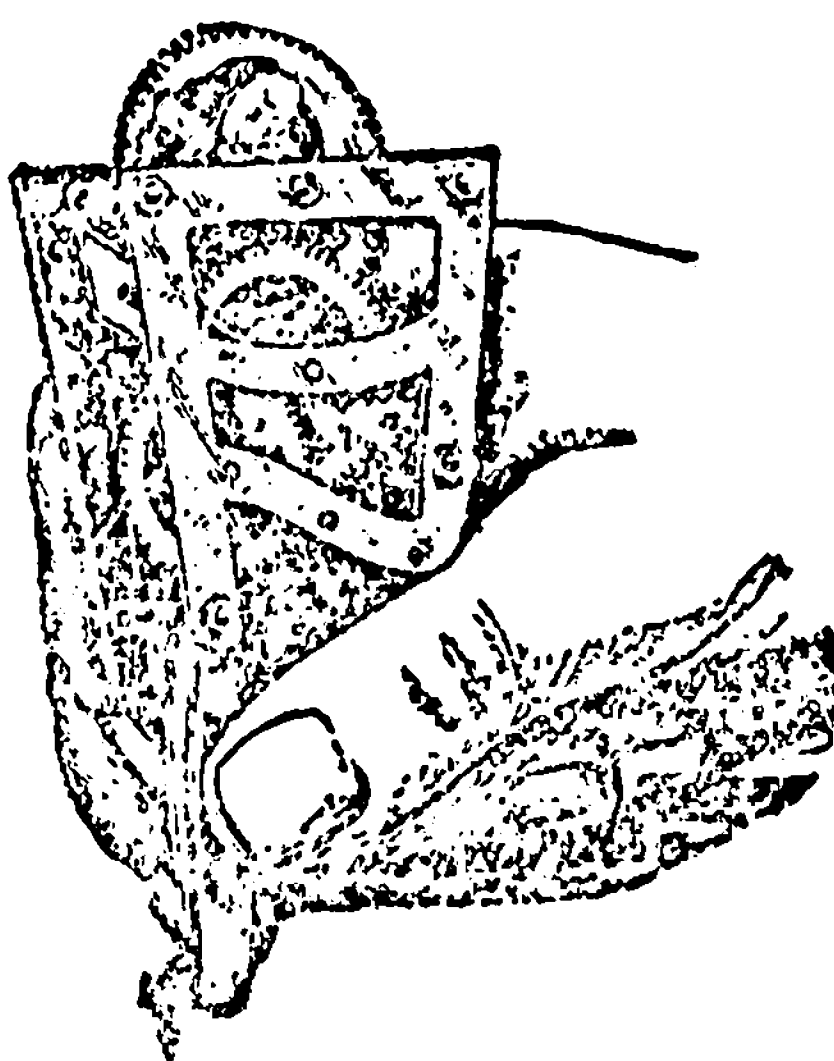
Until 1865 she worked away with the tremendous industry which characterized her at the various occupations which village life offered. She was librarian of the Athenaeum. She made constant observations of the heavens and calculations from them. She toiled for days in the effort to adjust the cross-hairs of her telescope, which had been broken. She cooked and cleaned

for the family when service failed. In short, she was always ready to help.

In 1865 she was called to Vassar College, and for twenty years there she made a deep impression upon the developing plans for women's education, and at the same time built up a reputation for genuine scholarship. Today her hundreds of students make pilgrimages to the Nantucket house, and rejoice that it is to be preserved as a memorial of a nature which somewhat resembled it in its simplicity and its strength.—Youth's Companion.

CLOCK WORK ENGRAVER.

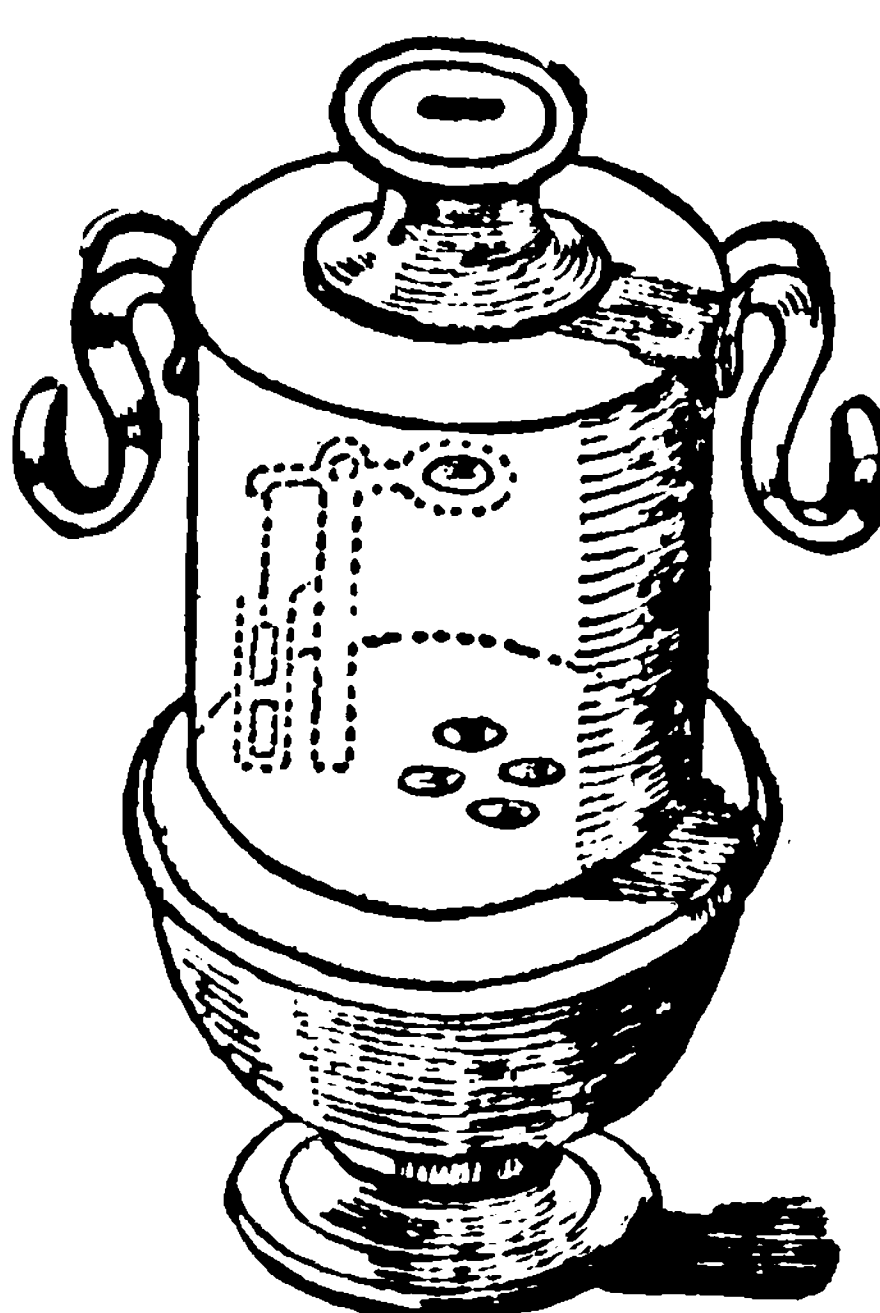
A useful engraving tool is represented in the accompanying illustration, from the Jeweler's Circular, and con-



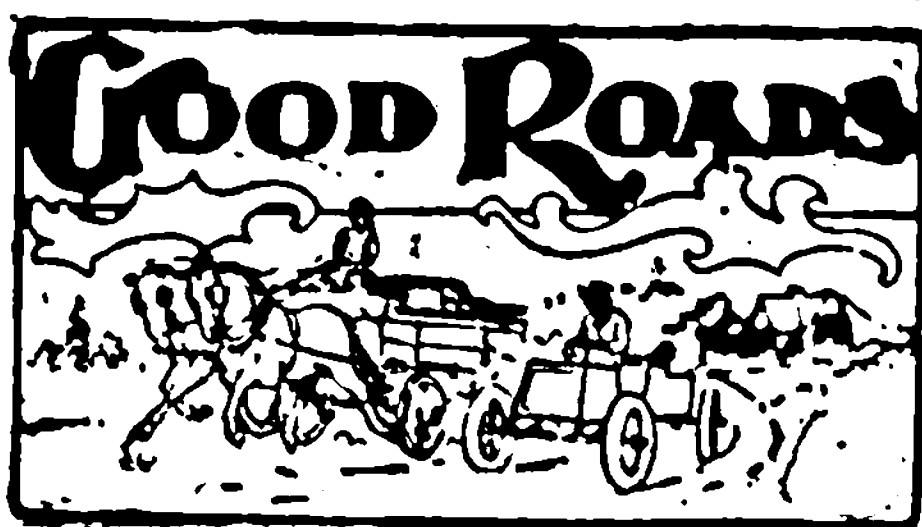
ENGRAVING TOOL WITH SPINDLE.

sists of a movement with a mainspring which is arranged with a revolving spindle, carrying puncturing or tracing cutters, by means of which a piece of jewelry or a ring may be marked with name, initials, or ciphers, by any operator of ordinary skill. The tool has two attachments, one which operates perpendicularly, and the other which may be operated at an angle, and inside of a ring.

CLASSIC SLOT MACHINE.



This penny in the slot machine was devised 2000 years ago by Nero. The coin allowed the vase to deliver a fixed quantity of liquor.—Philadelphia Record.



Road Money!

UNDER Section 53 of the New State Highway law all moneys collected for the repair and construction of highways in any town are paid to the supervisor of the town, who is the custodian thereof, and is accountable therefore, and who gives a bond for the faithful disbursement and safe keeping of this money. The moneys collected and received by the supervisor are paid out upon the order of the Highway Commissioner for the repair and permanent improvement of the highways of the town in such manner as the Commissioner of Highways and Town Board may determine and direct. The Attorney-General has given it as his opinion that under this statute the Town Board as a whole has one vote as to the manner in which such highway money shall be used on the highways and the Highway Commissioner has another vote, and that there must be an agreement between the Commissioner and the Town Board before such money may be properly expended. The Town Board and the Highway Commissioner, in passing the resolution as to the expenditure of the highway money, are governed by the following statutory regulations: First, each mile of highway in the town must be taken care of prior to June 1 in each year. Each mile of highway must have the loose stones removed once in thirty days, from April 1 to December 1. Each mile of highway must have all waterways, ditches and culverts opened and kept in order. The main highways receiving the heaviest traffic in the town are entitled to more money a mile spent upon them in their maintenance than the roads having a lesser amount of traffic going over them. A road district having a large assessment and contributing largely to the road fund, but with light travel in that district, is not entitled to have spent in that district all the moneys raised for road purposes in the district. Many town boards try to satisfy each road district by expending in that district an amount of money equal to the amount that that district contributes to the road fund. This treatment is not contemplated by the statute and is not good business for the town. The payment of the road tax in money is primarily for the purpose of creating a fund large enough to first take care of each mile of highway in the town as above described, irrespective of the assessed valuation of the property adjacent to that mile of highway, and, second, to place upon the highways having the greatest traffic the greatest amount of money per mile for their maintenance, because this directly benefits all of the taxpayers in the town who have to haul their loads to market.—New York Tribune.

Draining Massachusetts Roads.

Nothing has occurred to change the opinion of the members of the Massachusetts State Highway Commission regarding the use of Telford foundation for road building. No return to this method will be made. On heavy, wet soils a centre V shaped drain has been substituted for the side drains and telfording. This idea of preparing the foundation is unique, and will be of interest to other road builders. The report says: "The earth is loosened and thrown out toward the sides so as to give a V-shaped trench, with its greatest depth in the centre of the roadway. Narrow trenches are cut through the sides of this centre trench, at intervals of fifty feet or more, connecting its lowest part with the gutters on the side, and placed at a depth and slope thoroughly to remove all water. The centre and cross trenches are filled with field or wall stones, the depth of this stone varying from twelve to eighteen inches in the centre, and from six to twelve inches on the sides, the thickness being dependent on the character of the soil in the sub-grade. The tops of these stones are given a crown to receive the surfacing material." Earth, gravel or broken stone is then spread in the usual way. This method of draining has proved entirely efficient, and so the question of cost between this method and telfording with side drains becomes the determining factor.

The average cost of side drains on twenty contracts made in 1903 amounted to forty-seven cents per foot. In 1900 the average cost of telfording on twenty-eight contracts amounted to \$2.75 cents per square yard. Thus, the cost per lineal foot for telfording, with two side drains was \$12.67, or \$3.8 cents for telfording and one side drain. In building the V-shaped drain about one-quarter of a cubic yard of earth is excavated and about one-half a cubic yard of stone is placed for each lineal foot of road. On seventy-three contracts the average cost of excavating was 43.9 cents per cubic yard; for the stone in place the cost averaged 70.7 cents a cubic yard. Thus, the cost for the drain is 49.3 cents per lineal foot of road. Comparing these prices with those for telfording, it is evident that

a saving of 77.4 cents per foot of road is made over telfording and two drains and 34.5 cents per foot over telfording and one drain.

PERILS OF AN ANT'S LIFE.

The Innumerable Dangers Lying in the Pathway of This Sturdy Insect.

A noted French entomologist, M. Charles Janet, has for many years devoted himself almost entirely to the study of the ant's life-history. Like the policeman's ant in the song, the life of an ant is anything but a pleasant one. Janet has discovered that it is likely to have more thrilling adventures in an hour than even the hero of a modern historical novel.

If he starts out in the morning in quest of food, he is not unlikely to be caught in a pitfall very cunningly prepared for him by the ant lion. Tiger beetles lie in ambush for him. Spiders either throw sticky skeins in his path and hoist him into their webs like a bucket of water at the end of a rope, or boldly pounce on him as he wanders on, doing it so successfully, judging from Janet's observations, that their lairs, like the ogre's den in the fairy tale, are littered with many an unpleasant memento of past feasts.

Besides hostile ant lions and spiders, the ant must run the gauntlet of still more formidable enemies. The ant is a notorious fighter, engaged in more or less constant battle with some member of his family. Taking advantage of this combative spirit and seizing his opportunity while the ant is absorbed in military tactics, a certain Hymenopter leaps on him and neatly drills a hole in him. The object of this attack is not to kill the ant, but simply to use him as an incubator. In the drilling operations the Hymenopter deftly inserts its eggs in the ant's body and then hastens away. If the ant proves the victor in his duel he has reason to wish that he had been killed. Soon the eggs are hatched, and the larvae that emerge develop at the expense of the victim's tissues. Finally, the incubator-ant's vitality is so far sapped that it perishes miserably.

Another Hymenopter utilizes the ant for a like purpose, but sets about its work of torture less treacherously. The incessant excursions of some species of ants and their habit of traveling in long processions offers this particular foe every opportunity for carrying out his deadly intent. Hovering a few inches above the sand, the Hymenopter picks out a choice, fat, succulent ant, swoops down on him and carries him off for a short distance. Then he stings the victim, not so as to kill him, but to paralyze his legs. After this skillfully performed surgical operation the ant is borne off to a cell, where he will find about thirty of his fellows in a similar helpless plight. In this miniature Black Hole of Calcutta the Hymenopter lays an egg and glues it carefully on the mass of ants. The larvae involuntarily hatched feed on the ants and spin cocoons about their dead bodies.

Even if he escaped all these perils, the ant has still other dangers to avoid. The torpor occasioned by nocturnal cold places him at the mercy of some ant-eating insects. It happens that the enemy is so nearly like its prey in color and form that it boldly enters the nests of the ants and there conceals itself.

Four-footed ant-eaters, woodpeckers, pheasants and toads add their wiles to those of the foes already mentioned. And yet despite the death that lurks everywhere in many disguises, every ant-hill is a swarm with life.—Book-lover's Magazine.

"Slated" vs. "Booked."

That extremely well written journal, The New York Nation, remarks in a leading note that "the Kitchen plan for the reorganization of the Indian Army is slated to pass the Commons," meaning, of course, that it is scheduled or "booked" to go through. This is a use of the word which on this side we have not yet adopted or have already abandoned; in these matters it is seldom safe to say which.

In the States a party program is often called its slate, and to "smash the slate" is to extinguish that program. And we are accustomed to "wipe the slate"—the equivalent to the German "Schwamm dareuber." But a "slate smasher," according to Henley and Farmer, is not so much a successful opponent as a leader who ignores the wishes of his own party. Over here a slating has long meant a censure, but of late years it has been brought specially into the field of literary criticism.—London Chronicle.

A Delphic Utterance.

As capable of varied interpretation as the utterances of the ancient oracles was the speech made by a Swiss mountaineer who accompanied the Stutfield and Collie exploring expedition through the Canadian Rockies.

They found it necessary to ford Bear Creek, and Hans did not enjoy it, although he faced it with exemplary fortitude. Once safely across, he turned and surveyed the stream gravely.

"Several times you cross it," he said, enigmatically, "but yet once is the last time."

There is no meat trust in Australia. There mutton sometimes sells for as little as two cents a pound.

LIGHTING LORE.

ACETYLENE EXCELS AS AN ILLUMINANT.

Gas For Lighting Formerly Confined to Cities and Large Towns, Now in General Use in the Country.

The satisfactory lighting of suburban and country homes requires that the means used shall be convenient, safe, economical and furnish a brilliant, penetrating, effulgent light.

Everybody admits that these are not the characteristics of the candle or kerosene lamp, which, formerly, were the only feasible means of producing light for domestic use in the rural districts.

For generations there was a crying need, a yearning for something better, which was not satisfied. A few years ago deliverance came in the shape of the chemical compound, Calcium Carbide, from which, by the simple application of water, the gas Acetylene is derived. Acetylene meets all the requirements fully and admirably and is being generally used.

Common lime and carbon in the form of coke or coal are the raw materials, which, fused in an intensely heated furnace, make Calcium Carbide, and there is no difficulty in obtaining it in any part of the country.

The machine into which the Calcium Carbide is fed and from which the Acetylene is distributed through the building to be lighted, is but little larger than a thirty-gallon milk can, and of the same general form. It is easily and cheaply installed, either in the cellar or in an outbuilding.

The light from burning Acetylene is exquisite, and lighting experts agree that it surpasses all other known illuminants. It does not taint the air nor strain the eyes, and is not objectionable in any respect. Every up-to-date rural residence should be equipped with Acetylene light.

A Story of Ole Bull.

Few tales are told, indeed, which are finer than that of the encounter, in earlier years, with this king's father, the old Bernadotte himself. The king had referred to the Norwegians as "my Poles," at which Ole Bull, drawing himself up, inquired, "When has a Norwegian shown himself disloyal to the king?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he announced that he must at once take leave. Upon this, the king turned to him with an imperious, "I command you to stay!" But the violinist shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Then I will see, sire, whether a Norwegian remains free in the palace of the King of Sweden!" At this, as Ole Bull would tell, when recounting the scene, there came into the face of the monarch the most winning smile he had ever seen on a human countenance, and, putting out his hand impulsively, Bernadotte exclaimed: "Nay; I beg you to remain. A prince should heed the opinions of all his people." And the talk which then resulted was the basis of deep confidence on both sides.—Century.

Strange Things Under the Sea

A French writer in a scientific magazine tells of the great ocean depths of 28,000 to 30,000 feet, the temperature tending toward zero, with perpetual darkness reigning below depths of about 1,280 feet. At that level plants, deprived of light, cannot exist, and the animal life must be carnivorous. The organs of sight, not being used, have disappeared, and yet there is light even in that sightless world. A German exploring ship found a fish with enormous eyes at a depth of 6,400 feet. Phosphorescence is common in these hollows of the sea; sometimes special organs flash light.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

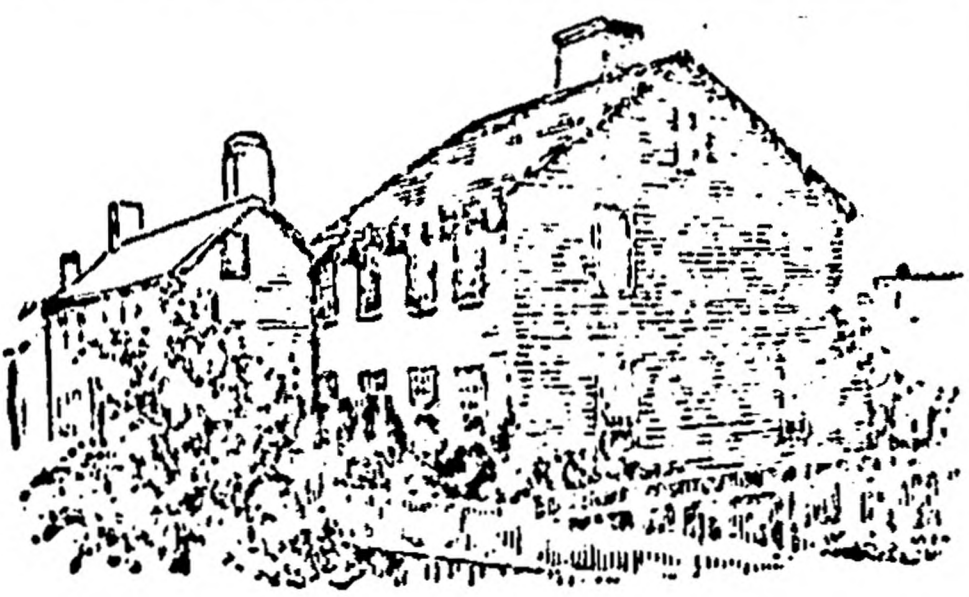
"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton, and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 95 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. The Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show any one some facts about food. "There's a reason."

MARIA MITCHELL'S HOME.

On the evening of October 1, 1847, Maria slipped away from guests in the

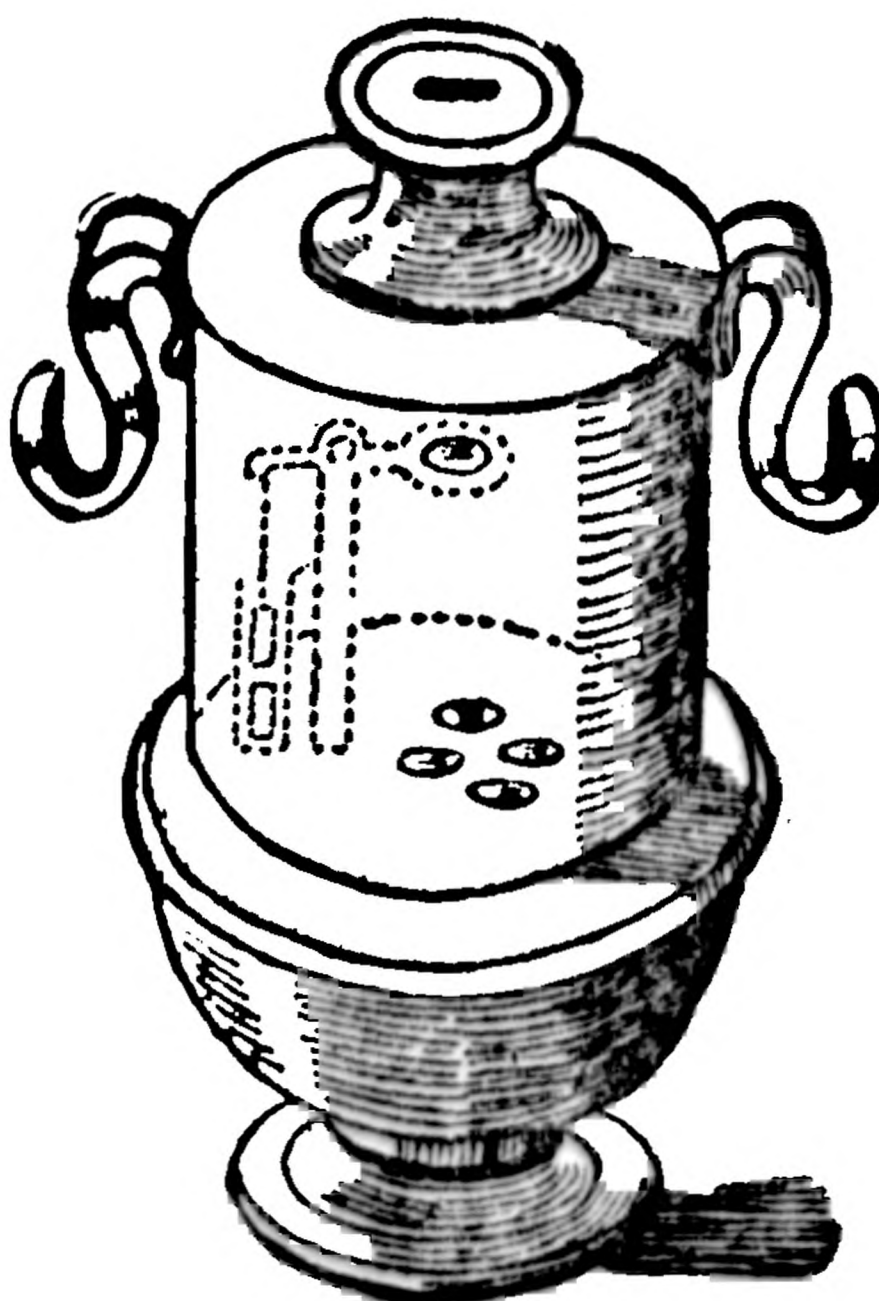


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CLASSIC SLOT MACHINE.



This penny in the slot machine was devised 2000 years ago by Nero. The coin allowed the vase to deliver a fixed quantity of liquor.—Philadelphia Record.

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Lutherans Against Divorces.

The marriage of any divorced person, unless the divorce shall have been granted for cause of infidelity or wilful desertion, and then only after a year's separation, will be declined in the future by ministers of the Lutheran faith connected with the General Council. This action was taken by the General Council branch of the Church, at Milwaukee last Monday. In the future ministers of this Church will decline to perform such marriages.

INSOMNIA AND INDIGESTION CURED.—“Last year I had a very severe attack of indigestion. I could not sleep at night and suffered most excruciating pains for three hours after each meal. I was troubled this way for about three months when I used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and received immediate relief,” says John Dixon Tullamore, Ontario, Canada. For sale by Ed. T. Auker druggist.

The County Commissioners heard last week the complaint of the School Board of Straban township about the use of school house in Hunterstown for election purposes, how dirty it became, the days took to clean it and how election week was sometimes entirely lost for school purposes. They objected to use of school house for election purposes and asked for relief. The Commissioners decided to build an election house. They have purchased near center of Hunterstown a plot of ground 16 by 24 feet and are erecting on it a one and one half story election house in which to hold all elections, primaries and like meetings.

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.—It is a bad habit borrow anything, but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When sick, sore, heavy, weary and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Here you will find sure and permanent relief from all your troubles, and your body will not be burdened by a load of debt disease. At Ed. T. Auker's drug store. Price 50c. Guaranteed.

George Baker, the eight-year-old son of County Auditor B. W. Baker, of Turnpike, York county, died early Friday morning at the York hospital. His death was caused by lock-jaw, due to vaccination. A few days after the boy was vaccinated he complained of being ill and on Tuesday lapsed into unconsciousness and remained in that condition except for brief intervals until his death.—York Press.

PLANS TO GET RICH—are often frustrated by sudden break down, due to dyspepsia or constipation. Brace up and take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They take out the materials which are clogging your energies, and give you a new start. Cure headache and dizziness too. At Ed. T. Auker's drug store; 25c, guaranteed.

DRESS GOODS.

This season's novelties in Plaids, Rain Proof materials, Broadcloths, etc., at remarkable low prices.

G. B. NACE SON & CO.,
11-13 Carlisle St., Hanover.

Between 5:30 and 7 o'clock Sunday morning the machinery of the largest steam flouring mill of Roberts, Roop & Co., in Westminster, was destroyed by fire, and the building was completely destroyed. The mill was a substantial brick structure and the walls are still standing but in damaged condition, so that it may become necessary to take them down and rebuild. The machinery cannot be replaced for less than \$40,000, and if the mill must be rebuilt the loss will exceed \$50,000. It is supposed the fire was of incendiary origin.

A JUDICIOUS INQUIRY.—A well known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by Ed. T. Auker, druggist.

Public Sales.

Thursday, Nov. 9.—Jacob G. Emlet on the Dr. Swartz farm, midway between Hunterstown and Heidlersburg, horses, cattle, etc.

Friday, Nov. 10.—Henry Spangler, near New Chester, farm stock and implements.

Saturday, Nov. 18.—E. M. Bollinger, New Oxford, farm stock and implements.

Saturday, Dec. 2.—Harry J. Smith, on Rinehart farm, near New Oxford Flouring Mills, farm stock and implements.

FULL OF TRAGIC MEANING—are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: “I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me.” Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Ed. T. Auker's, druggist; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

PUBLIC SALE

Thursday, November 9, 1905.

The undersigned, in order to reduce stock, will sell at public sale at his residence on the Dr. Swartz farm, in Straban township, along Hunterstown and Heidlersburg road midway between the two places, the following personal property:

4 head of Horses, one 6-year-old sorrel mare, fine driver and worker, all will work wherever hitched, 1 yearling colt. 13 head of Cattle, consisting of 9 Milch Cows, some fresh by time of sale, others fresh in the Winter and Spring; 1 Heifer, will be fresh about February; 3 Stock Bulls, all good stock. About Fifty Sheep, weighing from 40 to 80 pounds; lot of Minorca Roosters; Potatoes by the bushel, etc.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

JACOB G. EMLET,
Adam Kimmel, Auct. Geo. Mackley, Clerk.

NEW CURE FOR CANCER.—All surface cancers are now known to be curable, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Jas. W. Walters of Duffield, Va., writes: “I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, and it is perfectly well.” Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c at Ed. T. Auker's drug store.

\$1000 REWARD

Is offered as a guarantee that neither

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

nor

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

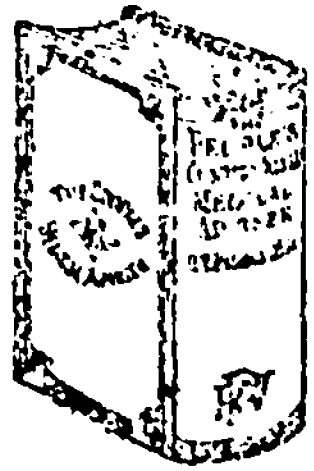
contains alcohol, opium, or any harmful drug. Any one publishing false statements concerning their ingredients will be prosecuted. Doctor Pierce's Family Remedies are compounds of medicinal principles, scientifically extracted from native roots that cure the diseases for which they are recommended. They are medicines which have enjoyed the public confidence for over a third of a century. They are medicines not beverages, made to satisfy a craving for “booze.”

“Golden Medical Discovery” regulates and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels, and cures dyspepsia, purifies the blood and tones up the system generally.

“Favorite Prescription” cures female weakness, irregularities, exhausting drains, painful periods and kindred ailments peculiar to women. Accept no substitute for these medicines, each of which has a record of marvelous cures. Substitution means selfishness on the part of the dealer who is looking for the greater profit on an inferior article.

“Our daughter who was attending college became very nervous and we were advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,” writes Mrs. M. C. Fox, of 57 E. Leonard St., Grand Rapids, Mich. “We did so and then you advised us to get the ‘Golden Medical Discovery’ also. She took four bottles of the ‘Prescription’ and three of the ‘Golden Medical Discovery,’ and you never saw such a change in a person. She said she did not feel like the same person. She was able to attend her school again. I will gladly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to every one. I advise parents who have young daughters who suffer from nervous troubles to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at once. I am sure it will help them.”

\$300,000 GIVEN AWAY. In copies of Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at \$1.50 per copy. Last year we gave away \$300,000 worth of these invaluable books. This year we shall give away \$500,000 worth of them. Will you share in this bonanza? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only for book in stuff paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. Address Dr. J. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Public Sale

On Friday, November 10, 1905.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale on his farm 1/2 mile East of New Chester and 1/2 mile South of Creager's Mill, on the banks of Conewago Creek, Straban township, Adams county, the following personal property:

One Family Horse, 12 years old, good worker and driver. 6 Milch Cows, all good stock, some now fresh others fresh in Winter and Spring. 2 Fat Hogs, weigh about 200 lbs. each; one 2 or 3 horse Wagon and Bed, spring wagon, sleigh, sled, buggy, grain fan, cutting box, McCormick mower, land roller, hay rake, harrow, 1 sulky corn cultivator, grain cradle, scythe, set of spring wagon wheels, bushel basket, grain sacks, boxes meat vessel, lot of old iron, lot of light and heavy harness, log, cow, breast and butt chains, maul and wedges, saws and axes, crowbar, mattock, shovels, manure and pitch forks, etc.

Also 3 Bedsteads, 1 Sideboard, 1 Sink, Chairs, Table, Coal Stove, and many other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

HENRY SPANGLER.

FREE! FREE!

We will give you

Free of Charge



10 Days Only,

TO EVERY

RANGE,
COOK STOVE,
SINGLE HEATER,
DOUBLE HEATER,
EGG STOVE,
OAK STOVE,
WOOD STOVE,
CHUNK STOVE,

or any Stove you may wish to buy,
PIPE FREE OF CHARGE.

enough to set stove up ready for use.

KATZ FURNITURE CO.,

44 Baltimore St., HANOVER

◊ We Pay The Freight ◊

The New Store.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

Smith Building, Hanover Street, New Oxford.

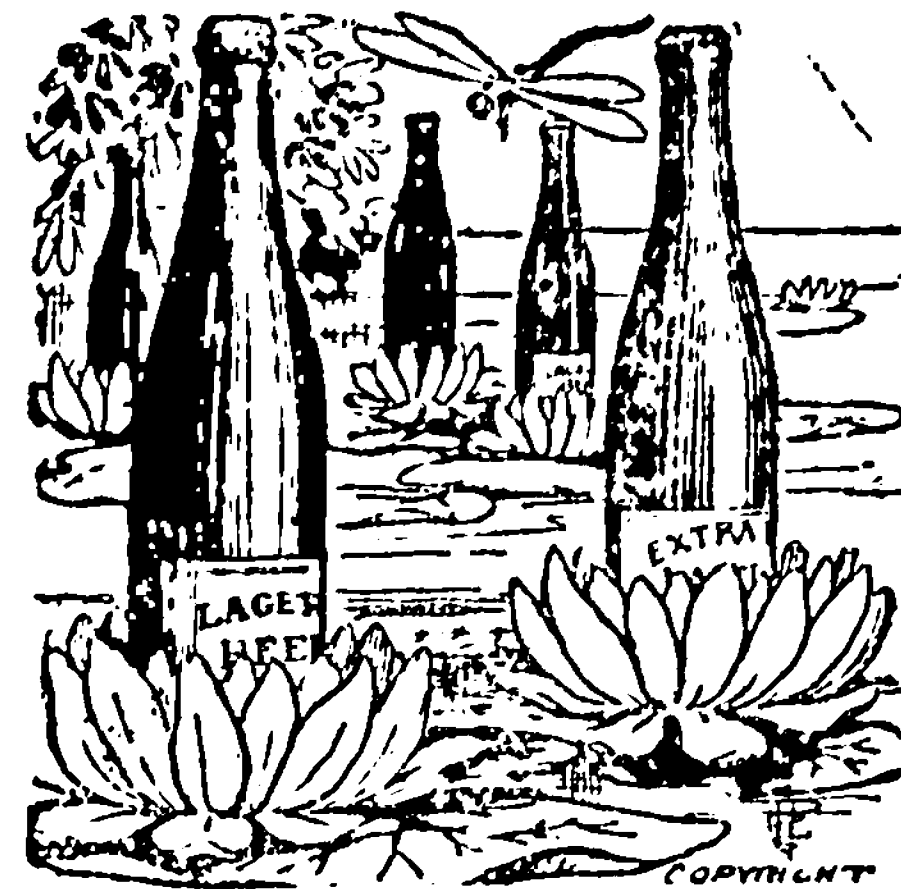
Complete Stock of the Most Useful and Desirable Kinds of
FURNITURE.

Undertaking In All Its Branches.

Graduate of the College of Embalming.

Finest Equipment in the County.

DEATRICK BROS.



PURE AND AGREEABLE

to the taste, inviting as to looks, wholesome, nourishing, strengthening—a that and much more is LEMP'S BEER. Don't believe it just because we say (for of course we are interested)—try a few bottles, for yourselves. We say this with confidence because the popular verdict was handed down long ago in favor of LEMP'S BEER.

FOR SALE AT THE

EAGLE HOTEL

New Oxford, Penn.

What Business or Profession

DO YOU CONTEMPLATE?

The highway to failure is packed with young people who have drifted into business. You cannot drift to success. You must know what you are best fitted to do, and do it with all your might. If you want to find your true sphere—to start right—come to Patrick. We have educated and placed in positions hundreds of young people. Book keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Civil Service, etc. Open day and evening. Call or write for catalogue.

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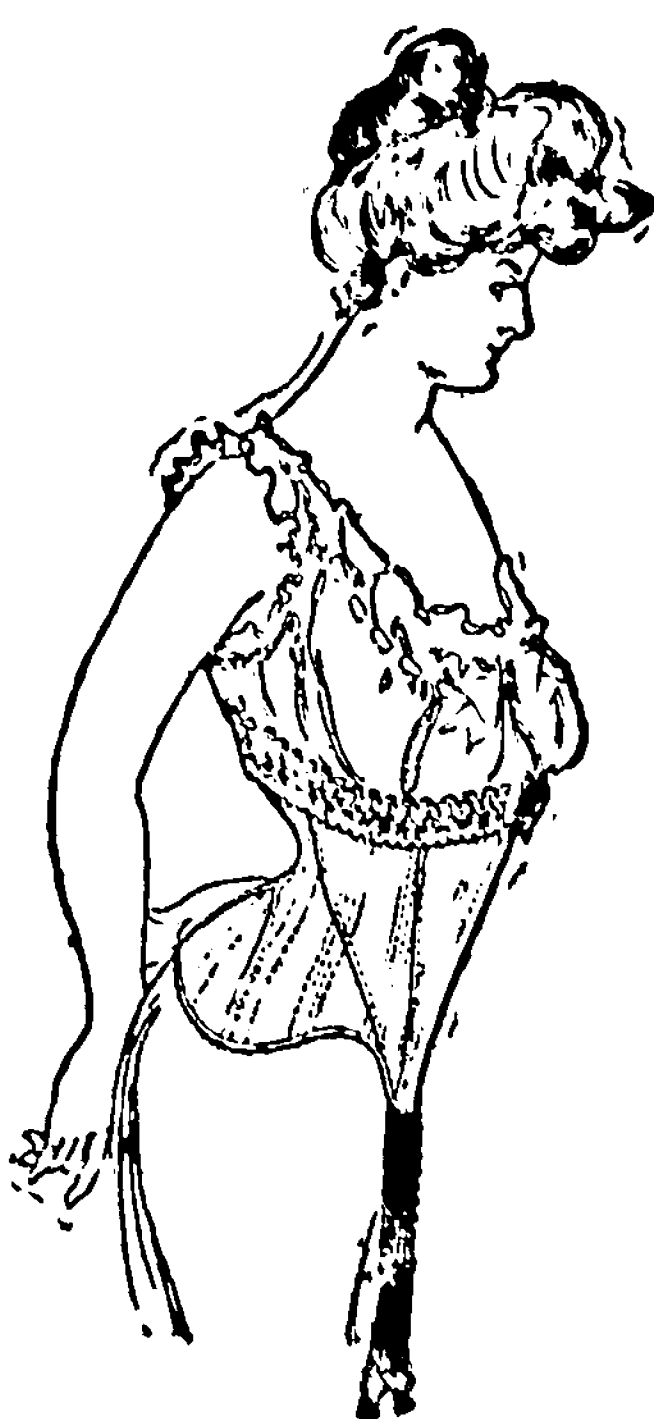
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OCT. 30 TO NOV. 4, 1905.

We are pleased to announce Mrs. Rodenbaugh, expert corsetiere, representing the Kalamazoo Corset Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., Exclusive Makers of the above justly famous corsets who will be at our store during the period stated. We would like very much to have you call and see her whether you desire to purchase or not.

Mrs. Rodenbaugh will give short talks on corsets to all ladies who are interested.

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AMERICAN BEAUTY STYLE 1279
Kalamazoo Corset Co. Sole Makers



AMERICAN BEAUTY STYLE 39
Kalamazoo Corset Co. Sole Makers

G. B. NACE, SON & CO.,

Dry Goods, Furnishings, Shoes and Carpets.

11-13 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

Lutherans Against Divorces.

The marriage of any divorced person, unless the divorce shall have been granted for cause of infidelity or willful desertion, and then only after a year's separation, will be declined in the future by ministers of the Lutheran faith connected with the General Council. This action was taken by the General Council branch of the Church, at Milwaukee last Monday. In the future ministers of this Church will decline to perform such marriages.

INSOMNIA AND INDIGESTION CURED.—“Last year I had a very severe attack of indigestion. I could not sleep at night and suffered most excruciating pains for three hours after each meal. I was troubled this way for about three months when I used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and received immediate relief,” says John Dixon Tullamore, Ontario, Canada. For sale by Ed. T. Auker, druggist.

The County Commissioners heard last week the complaint of the School Board of Straban township about the use of school house in Hunterstown for election purposes, how dirty it became, the days took to clean it and how election week was sometimes entirely lost for school purposes. They objected to use of school house for election purposes and asked for relief. The Commissioners decided to build an election house. They have purchased near center of Hunterstown a plot of ground 16 by 24 feet and are erecting on it a one and one half story election house in which to hold all elections, primaries and like meetings.

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.—It is a bad habit borrow anything, but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When sick, sore, heavy, weary and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Here you will find sure and permanent forgetfulness of all your troubles, and your body will not be burdened by a load of debt disease. At Ed. T. Auker's drug store. Price 50c. Guaranteed.

George Baker, the eight-year-old son of County Auditor B. W. Baker, of Turnpike, York county, died early Friday morning at the York hospital. His death was caused by lock-jaw, due to vaccination. A few days after the boy was vaccinated he complained of being ill and on Tuesday lapsed into unconsciousness and remained in that condition except for brief intervals until his death.—York Press.

PLANS TO GET RICH—are often frustrated by sudden break down, due to dyspepsia or constipation. Brace up and take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They take out the materials which are clogging your energies, and give you a new start. Cure headache and dizziness too. At Ed. T. Auker's drug store; 25c, guaranteed.

DRESS GOODS.

This season's novelties in Plaids, Rain Proof materials, Broadcloths, etc., at remarkable low prices.

G. B. NACE SON & CO,
11-13 Carlisle St., Hanover.

Between 5:30 and 7 o'clock Sunday morning the machinery of the largest steam flouring mill of Roberts, Rook & Co., in Westminster, was destroyed by fire, and the building was completely destroyed. The mill was a substantial brick structure and the walls are still standing but in damaged condition, so that it may become necessary to take them down and rebuild. The machinery cannot be replaced for less than \$40,000, and if the mill must be rebuilt the loss will exceed \$50,000. It is supposed the fire was of incendiary origin.

A JUDICIOUS INQUIRY.—A well known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by Ed. T. Auker, druggist.

Public Sales.

Thursday, Nov. 9.—Jacob G. Emlet on the Dr. Swartz farm, midway between Hunterstown and Heidersburg, horses, cattle, etc.

Friday, Nov. 10.—Henry Spangler, near New Oxford, farm stock and implements.

Saturday, Nov. 18.—E. M. Bollinger, New Oxford, farm stock and implements.

Saturday, Dec. 2.—Harry J. Smith, on Rinehart farm, near New Oxford Flouring Mills, farm stock and implements.

FULL OF TRAGIC MEANING—are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: “I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me.” Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Ed. T. Auker's, druggist; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

PUBLIC SALE

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The undersigned, in order to reduce stock, will sell at public sale at his residence on the Dr. Swartz farm, in Straban township, along Hunterstown and Heidersburg road, midway between the two places, the following personal property:

4 head of Horses, one 6-year-old sorrel mare, fine driver and worker, all will work wherever hitched, 1 yearling colt. 13 head of Cattle, consisting of 9 Milch Cows, some fresh by time of sale, others fresh in the winter and Spring; 1 Heifer, will be fresh about February; 3 Stock Bulls, all good stock. About Fifty Shorthorns, weighing from 40 to 80 pounds; lot of Minorea Roosters; Potatoes by the bushel, etc.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by
JACOB G. EMLET.
Adam Kimmel, Auct. Geo. Mackley, Clerk.

NEW CURE FOR CANCER.—All surface cancers are now known to be curable, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, Jas. W. Walters of Duffield, Va., writes: “I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, and it is perfectly well.” Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c at Ed. T. Auker's drug store.

\$1000 REWARD

Is offered as a guarantee that neither

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

nor

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

contains alcohol, opium, or any harmful drug. Any one publishing false statements concerning their ingredients will be prosecuted. Doctor Pierce's Family Remedies are compounds of medicinal principles, scientifically extracted from native roots that cure the diseases for which they are recommended. They are medicines which have enjoyed the public confidence for over a third of a century. They are medicines not beverages, made to satisfy a craving for “booze.”

“Golden Medical Discovery” regulates and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels, and cures dyspepsia, purifies the blood and tones up the system generally.

“Favorite Prescription” cures female weakness, irregularities, exhausting drains, painful periods and kindred ailments peculiar to women. Accept no substitute for these medicines, each of which has a record of marvelous cures. Substitution means selfishness on the part of the dealer who is looking for the greater profit on an inferior article.

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